

KNAPPA



Once
Upon A Time

K N A P P A

by

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Once Upon A Time

I have tried to tell of some of my early experiences in Knappa with the hope that I have not gone into such excessive detail that they become boring. I have also made mention of some of the events and early history of our community as I remember them. I had intended to limit my discussion to Knappa but I realize that in some cases I went beyond the city limits. Dates in some instances have not been pinpointed.

Katherine McIntyre was able to give me some accurate dates taken from a book listing various historical events kept by her mother, Mrs. Mary McPherson.

The Elliott family moved from Warrenton to Knappa in May, 1910 and settled on our present farm. The family consisted of my parents, James and Anna Elliott, my sister Margaret, age 5, and myself, almost 2. The farm at that time had approximately 100 acres, about half of which was partially cleared. All fields contained at least a few large old-growth fir stumps. This particular area of Knappa was called "The Prairie" in earlier days because of the scarcity of large timber on it. It has been reported that the local cemetery received its name, Prairie Cemetery, for this reason.

Livestock on the farm consisted of about a dozen sheep and several grade milk cows. Dad brought a few registered Holsteins from Warrenton and also a team of nice young Percheron mares.





Mother and Dad on the farm.



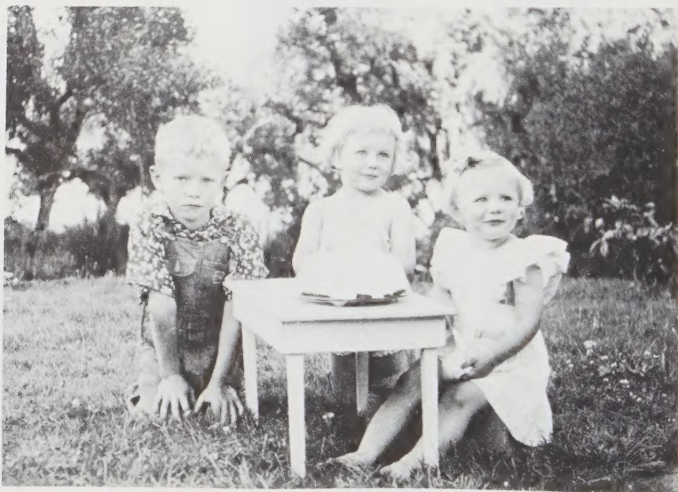
Our younger days-myself and older sister Margaret.



Knappa farmer and
bride starting out
the depression years.
(Jim and Eleanore)



My sister Margaret.



Eddie, Janice and Grace

CHAPTER 1

INDUSTRY

The three main industries in our early years in Knappa were logging, farming and fishing.

Logging

Crossett Western, with headquarters in Arkansas, was starting operations about the time we moved here. Locally, we called it Big Creek Logging Co. Their mill was in Wauna. Camp I was located by Mill Creek, across the logging road from the present Big Creek Fish Hatchery. The logging railroad right-of-way is now pretty much followed by the Boise Cascade truck road. It continued down almost to Eddy Point before it veered right with the railroad on a rather high trestle over the swamp on its way to the log dump. The dump was located about halfway between the mouth of Big Creek and the Knappa dock.

As Big Creek Logging Co. continued to expand its operations back into the mountains, we grew accustomed to hearing the whistles of the locomotive and the unloading of logs down at the dump. Although the log dump was a mile away, we could hear the unloading machine go from idle to full speed, the logs rumble down the incline and the following big splash. Today it might be referred to as noise pollution by some but in those days it was music to the ears of a young lad.

There was a big turnover of loggers up Big Creek in those early days. Some were coming and some were going all the time. I heard one logging employee boast about how many camps he had worked in during the year.

After World War I there was a period of time when the accident rate up Big Creek was out of all

reason. This was a high ball time when different sides (or camps) had contests to see which could get the most logs out each day. Safety came second in the frantic efforts in these contests which resulted in unnecessary injuries and deaths. It was reported that state authorities stepped in and threatened to close down the Big Creek operations if this continued. This took care of the situation.

The bull team days were over when we came to Knappa. I knew for certain the location of only three bull team barns. One was on upper Little Creek on the Mudge property. Another was by Warren Slough where Clifford and Elmer Johnson now live and the third was in our back pasture. The bunk house still stood on our property for several years after 1910. We eventually tore it down and used the lumber for an addition to our old barn. We knew several old timers who worked at this camp. Among them were Finley Taylor, Walter Moody and Ed Lisenby.

In about 1930 I cleaned up the old camp site when I enlarged the back field. I dumped a wheelbarrow load of old bottles into the well, followed by iron, old bull team shoes, etc. - all worthless junk. Fifty years later I became a bottle collecting addict!

While plowing this area a few days later, I unearthed a gold plated watch. When I mentioned this to Ed Lisenby he told me the name of the man who had lost the watch between the bunk house and the well. That was where I found it. Ed said they had hunted and hunted for it without success. He was a young man of seventeen at the time. I wish I had the watch now but since the guarantee had already expired, I didn't keep it.

Several huge alder trees stood near the camp site. A large heart was carved on one of them with the initials W.M. and A.J. inscribed within it. I always assumed these initials referred to Walter Moody, one of the loggers, and Annie Johnson, who later became Annie Moody.

Before the old bunkhouse was torn down a couple of fellows came and asked Dad for permission to peel cascara bark in our woods. Dad told them he would go take a look at the trees first. He found the trees had already been peeled and the bark was drying in the bunk house. Dad wasn't very happy. Peeling the bark without advance permission was one thing but to dry it in one of our own buildings added insult to injury! He never collected a dime.

Farm Livestock - Cattle

It seemed that every farm, large or small, had at least some dairy animals. A large herd might have 30 milk cows but the average commercial herd numbered 12 to 20 cows - all milked by hand, of course. Even the smallest farms had one or two animals so there would be milk and butter for home use. Most cattle were of mixed breeding although there were a few purebreds.

Milk was run through the separator on commercial farms. The cream was put in five or ten gallon cans and shipped by train to Astoria creameries. The skim milk was fed to hogs, usually, although a few veal calves were raised. These were slaughtered on the farm and shipped by train to Astoria meat markets.

Some of the small four or five cow herds were allowed to pasture on the road in those early days. An automobile was a scarce article at that time so there was no real traffic problem. However, a few animals might occasionally stray onto the railroad track. When this interfered with the train schedule, there might be one less cow to milk that night. At least one cow in the herd had a bell on it so that the cows could be more easily found at milking time.

The cattle on the road made it necessary to fence all property bordering the road, with gates on all driveways. In fact, it seemed to be the policy to fence the property even when there were no cattle on the road.

Some years later, after Highway 30 was built and Bud Koppisch's highway truck express was in operation, whole milk in cans was shipped to Astoria. Roy Hagglund later took over the truck express operation.

When we moved to Knappa in 1910, Dad brought along a few purebred Holsteins. In 1913 he loaded some of these animals on the train and accompanied them to Gearhart where the Clatsop County Fair was held in October that year. He won a large silver cup trophy, donated by Great Northern Railway, for best dairy herd. The large trophy still sits in our front room.

Dad also showed cattle in later years at the Port Docks in Astoria, when the county fair was held there. He also had top herd at least one year there. On one occasion Dad unloaded the animals off the train and drove them up to our driveway. When he turned his back to open the gate the bull put his horns under the seat of Dad's pants and lifted him over the gate. That was the last year he ever showed cattle.

A rather mysterious ailment suddenly showed up in various herds. It was called "red water." It didn't affect all animals, fortunately, but it might affect a few in the herd. The urine would turn pink, then red and finally turn to blood clots. At this point the cow would waste away and die. Some said it was caused by the animals eating bracken fern, which was in abundance in our fields. Others thought it might be due to lack of minerals. At any rate, when a mixture of various minerals were added to the dairy ration the problem cleared up.

One neighbor didn't have quite the loss that some of the rest of us did. Before an animal reached the final stage of the ailment, he would butcher it for family use. If I was a member of that family I'm sure I would have become a vegetarian.

Hogs

Hogs were never one of my favorite animals but we always raised some in those early years. I much preferred cattle but I believe hogs might have been the smarter of the two. Dad raised and sold weanling pigs and also raised some as butcher hogs. Many of the weanling pigs were sold to Chinese farmers near Astoria who collected garbage and food left over from restaurants in town. I couldn't understand what the Chinese buyers were saying but Dad could. No matter what price Dad would ask, the buyers would always throw up their hands and laugh like it was a big joke but they always seemed to finally agree on a price.

Some young pigs were sold to Big Creek Logging Camp at Camp 3. They were fed the table scraps from the cook house. The Camp 3 hog pen was between Big Creek and the logging railroad and the north end bordered on Pig Pen Creek. It is not hard to guess how this stream acquired its name.

On hog butchering day we suspended buckets of water on poles over an open fire. After killing and bleeding the fat hogs, the hot water was used to loosen the hair for the scraping process. Sometimes Scandinavian friends would come with pails to collect the blood for blood pudding. The hogs were hung up, dressed out and, after cooling, clean burlap sacks were sewed around them. The following morning they were loaded on the wagon, hauled down to the depot and put on the train bound for Astoria meat markets.

I think one reason I liked cattle better than hogs was because I'd rather milk cows than butcher hogs.

After separating milk night and morning, we would pour the skim milk into a large wooden barrel for hog feed. There was always some sour milk left in the barrel and this would soon cause the fresh, warm milk to clabber. Milk poured in the barrel in the evening would have three or four inches of cottage cheese on the surface by morning. This

turned out to be a fabulous rat trap. The rats would jump down onto the surface of the cottage cheese, sink through and drown. It was my job to dip out the dead rats before I poured the sour milk in the hog trough. I sometimes would miss one or two, but once they got in the trough it was too late. The hogs didn't seem to mind a little extra protein in their diet.

For some reason I don't like cottage cheese, have never knowingly tasted it and have no desire to do so.

Big Creek Logging Co. owned a 10 acre parcel of land directly across the road from us, which in later years was owned by Mr. and Mrs. Verne Vinson. The Logging Co. planted apple trees on this land, mostly Baldwins, Northern Spy and a few Gravensteins. This was to furnish fruit for the camp. However, plans later changed. A good woven wire fence was built around the field, a shed was built and hogs were brought in to eat the fruit as it fell to the ground.

Leni Knapp was hired to oversee the hog project. In addition to the apples, Leni fed some grain in the shed. This project lasted a couple of years. During apple season things went pretty well, but the rest of the year the hogs got rather gaunt. They rooted up the ground hunting for fern roots. Some of the holes were so deep that a hog's back was hardly visible when it was at work. The amazing thing was that a hog was never known to root itself to freedom under the fence.

After a couple of years, when the hog feeding ceased, Mr. Knapp hired Frank Brock to plow the land. This was a difficult assignment. Mr. Brock had a small team of horses which were crawling in and out of deep holes and further having to evade apple trees at every turn. Mr. Knapp was not satisfied with the rough job of plowing and contacted me to see if I would disc and harrow the ground. I did this and my job was much easier than Mr. Brock's.

The land was never planted and most of it natur-

ally seeded to Douglas fir trees which shaded out many of the apple trees. The fir trees were logged off more than ten years ago. It makes that high school kid who did the discing and harrowing feel rather old.

We hear quite a few stories about pigs, some of which are humorous, but also definitely fictitious. One which has been told as gospel truth, but which I am unable to verify, concerns an old sow and an electric fence. A farmer in Nehalem Valley had a sow in a pen which consisted of a single electric wire around the enclosures. She would brace herself, then take off squealing and hit the hot wire at top speed. She gained her freedom but she knew it was going to cost her a jolt.

One actual experience concerned my Grandpa and Grandma Dawson on their farm on Clatsop Plains many years ago. The gate into the hog pen had been left open and the old boar had gotten out. They attempted to drive it back. They approached, side by side, slightly bent over, legs wide and arms extended to the side to block as much escape route as possible. Grandpa was a large man and covered quite a bit of territory but Grandma was small and didn't block much space. They had the animal almost up to the gateway when it suddenly turned and bolted. The most daylight it could see was between Grandpa's legs and that was where it headed. As it passed beneath him, Grandpa automatically clasped his knees against its neck. This swept him off his feet and caused a rather violent belly flop down onto the hog's back. His outspread arms collapsed around the hog's middle. His bearded chin came to rest on the pig's rump with his nose just under the base of its tail. (The position of his nose reminds me of an old logger's quotation.) After traveling about 25 feet in this fashion, Grandpa realized the hog wasn't slowing up any and it had every advantage because it could see where it was going and he could see only where he had been. He released all holds and tumbled to the ground. When he got up he realized that Grandma must have been hurt in the skirmish as she was bent over with tears

rolling down her cheeks. When he went to see what her problem was, he found that instead of crying she was laughing so hard she could hardly stand up.

After a second go-round, they finally got the boar back in his pen. It was lunch time by then so they headed for the house. Grandma first went down to the mailbox and picked up the mail. It included a package from Aunt Polly. She laid it on the table and opened it. Her only comment was "Well, I never!" It was a book. The title was "Pigs Is Pigs."

Poultry

Almost every home had a few chickens, often Brown Leghorns, Plymouth Rocks or Rhode Island Reds. About the time I was finishing grade school, the poultry business boomed and large commercial flocks were springing up all around the community - practically all were White Leghorns. H.J. Lechner was the first county extension agent I can remember and he assisted in getting advice the beginners needed in this new venture on a commercial basis.

My folks were among the beginners. The names of other commercial poultrymen in Knappa that come to mind are Carlstrom, Dupont, Young, Sture, Merrill, McPherson, Bjorg, Titus, Peterson and Sarich. I know of no large commercial flocks in Knappa today.

I helped Dad build his last large chicken house. We got permission from Big Creek Camp to cut shake bolts up at the gorge. These were to be split into shakes for the roof.

Here I might interject and mention a habit that Dad had, to which I might refer later. Occasionally, we might surprise Dad by stumbling onto him when he was having a conversation with himself. This embarrassed him and we always knew what his reaction would be. First he would cough a few times, clear his throat and then start whistling.

I got the shake bolts cut and then we phoned Big Creek Camp 3 where Cap Thompson was in charge. This was at a time when the road was still a railroad. Cap said he would send someone down from camp on Saturday morning with the large speeder affair to haul the cedar out and to be there at 10 o'clock.

The speeder arrived on time. I was surprised to see who they had sent down with the speeder. I wasn't acquainted with the man but I had seen him enough to know who he was.

Mr. Abrahams had been working on the Big Creek section crew at the time and he told Dad about some big joke the camp boys had on Cap Thompson. Dad didn't know Cap but he thought it was such a good joke that he would repeat it at various times and then laugh up a storm. I can't even remember the joke.

When we had the speeder partially loaded, Dad suddenly realized that here was a fellow who undoubtedly would know Cap Thompson and proceeded to tell the story. When he finished he laughed until tears ran down his cheeks. The fellow just stood there grinning. When Dad finally quieted down I asked him if he knew who this fellow was. He said he didn't. I said, "This is Cap Thompson."

Dad got one of his big coughing spells and I thought he was going to choke. He never did get to the whistling stage.

Cap just continued to stand there grinning. He had a better joke on Dad than Dad had on him. That was the last time Dad ever told that story.

Horses

We moved on the place with a good young team of Percheron mares. They served us faithfully for many years. They grew up at a time when cars on the roads were extremely scarce. When the Model T Ford came on the scene we had some problems for

a while. The sight of one of these cars approaching them warned us to be ready for action. While they never ran away, they were up on their hind legs pawing the air with their front feet. They gradually became accustomed to the cars but they never did completely accept them.

I bought my first team of horses, many years later, from Finley High of Warrenton. Mr. High had many horses at the time, some of which were used on the seining grounds. He had one team for sale, which a Warrenton man was using on his small farm. Dad accompanied me when I went to look at the team. The horses were well matched in medium size and also bay color. The farmer who was using the horses said they were well matched in speed when hitched as a team and were very gentle.

I bought the team and named them Tom and Jerry. I didn't know what breed of horses they were until I got them home and hitched them to a wagon. Then I found I had bought a team of Quarter Horses. Jerry was a constant prancer and was always a quarter body length ahead of Tom. Tom traveled at a normal pace and was always a quarter body length behind Jerry. I immediately gave the Warrenton man credit for being president of the Warrenton Liar's Club.

In order to balance the team it was necessary to attach a rope to both rings on the side of the bit in Jerry's mouth and then fasten the other end of the rope to the nearest trace on Tom's harness where it connected to the single tree. The rope had to be of proper length. This gave Jerry a choice. He could either slow down to Tom's speed when the bit cut into his mouth or he could continue to barge ahead and pull his part of the load with his own traces and Tom's half with the bit in his mouth. He slowed down even though he did continue to prance. This tie back method did succeed in balancing the team but it was somewhat of a nuisance.

Duck hunting season was approaching so I loaded the duck boat on the wagon to haul it down to water. I hitched the team to the wagon and

started out. . The instant the wheels hit the gravel on the county road the horses reared up and then took off. The faster we went the louder the racket with the duck boat flopping all over the place. I hauled back on the reins as hard as I could and I believe I did check the speed somewhat. When we were approaching the Union Hall yard I heaved on the right rein and was able to turn the team into the yard. As soon as the wheels hit the grass the horses quieted down.

Dad had seen the action and came running down the road. With him walking alongside in front and me holding a tight rein, we got back home O.K. Dad said he now understood the wrecked wagon he had seen in the Warrenton farmer's barnyard. I hadn't noticed that.

After that gravel road experience I was constantly on the alert. No noise was involved in plowing and disking so I felt pretty safe there. However, one day while disking a newly plowed field I passed by two neighbor boys sitting on the top rail of a nearby fence. The boys gave me big smiles and waved and I replied in similar manner. After I passed I wondered "Did I detect mischief in those smiles?" I turned and looked back in time to see them, with bean shooters drawn, zeroing in on the horses. I let a roar out of me and the boys tumbled back off the fence and took off on the run without firing a shot. It seems quite funny now, but at the time it didn't.

I was concerned about the first adventures with a chattering mowing machine or the clatter of a manure spreader but there were no more problems. The team and I got acquainted and it did a lot of work for me before I bought my first Ford tractor in 1948.

CHAPTER 2

LANDMARKS

Warren Slough

Warren Slough empties into Knappa Slough by Knappa dock. It meanders around in the tidelands before extending up through the Ziak game reserve and above. This slough was originally affected by the tide, up between the timbered hills. In the 1920's or 30's the road to Brownsmead was built across the tidelands and slough. The road formed a dike and a tidebox was installed in the slough. When a new short dike was made a few years later, below the railway bridge, a new tidebox was installed there. The upper one was removed.

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Hall Creek empties into the east fork of Warren Slough. This stream originates in the hills above the present gun club grounds. It passes by the Emanuel Lutheran Church on its way to Warren Slough. This stream was named after a Mr. Hall who lived near its bank up by the present gun club. Mr. Hall has sometimes been referred to as the first resident in Knappa.

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A second stream passes between The Logger Restaurant and Knappa Square. It empties into the west fork of Warren Slough. It was originally known as Crow Creek but in recent years this name seems to have been lost. The stream pretty much originates and passes through the Eli C. Crow Donation Land Claim from which it received its name.

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Long ago I saw salmon spawning in both Hall Creek and Crow Creek, before the present dike and tide-box were installed in Warren Slough.

Early Bridges, Roads, Etc.

Swinging bridges were quite common in those early days. These were narrow foot bridges suspended on cables over streams or waterways. Usually there were steps or stairs on each end of the bridge and the bridges were suspended high enough above the streams that high water or floating trees or other debris didn't interfere. Four of these bridges were in operation at one time. Three were on Big Creek - one on the Waterhouse property on lower Big Creek, another where the Big Creek County Park is now located, and a third a little upstream, on the Mudge property. The fourth was across Warren Slough on the trail leading from Knappa Union Hall to the Carl Johnson property and Stringtown country.

There were three plank bridges on the wagon road between the Knappa Union Hall and the Knappa dock. The first was at the foot of the hill about 100 yards south of the Brownsmead turnoff, the second across from a swale by the Carl Erickson property, and the third across the railroad track as at present.

The first bridge below the Knappa Hall was the first to be replaced. A considerable amount of dirt was required to fill the deep ravine. This isn't apparent now because Bob Ziak, some years ago, filled the upper side and the original ravine no longer shows. This part of the road, for many years, was referred to as "The Fill."

One rather humorous event occurred on The Fill when I was a young lad. John Mackey lived in the Hillcrest area in the back country of Knappa with his wife, Anna, on a small farm. Anna was a well known character in the community, who was better known by another name, Pompadour, because of the manner in which she fixed her hair.

John stopped in to tell Dad that his car was over the bank down at The Fill and asked Dad if he would come with the team to pull it out. Dad hitched up the team and took some blocks and lines. I tagged along to watch.

The Model T Ford was down over the lower side of The Fill about 25 feet from the road. It was sitting upright and it didn't seem to have a scratch on it. It appeared to have backed down the bank and stopped with the front end pointing up toward the road.

Dad hung a block on the large alder tree on the opposite side of the road. He fastened a line on the front end of the Ford, ran it through the block, then hooked the team to the other end of the line. The team scratched up the gravel but they were able to pull the car up onto the road. When the front wheels were on the road, Dad told John to climb onto the seat. Then Dad moved the team a few feet more and the car was on the road. It hesitated there for a moment and then started coasting slowly across the road and crashed down into the tree with the block on it. This bent a fender and broke out one headlight. John just sat there the whole time and made no effort to either steer the car or apply the brakes. I didn't even hear him say "whoa."

The back wheels were still on the edge of the road. This time it was a short haul - after Dad first told him to steer and use the brakes when he was back on the road. This he did and the Model T Ford was soon chugging up the road with a bent fender and a busted headlight.

It appeared that John originally must have killed the engine as he started up the hill and then, attempting to back down on level ground, had steered the car over the bank.

At any rate, Mr. Mackey must have found this modern living too complicated. Some years later he was found hanging from a rafter in his barn - a suicide victim.

Stringtown

Fertile Valley was at one time called Stringtown. It extended from Hall Creek, below the Emanuel Lutheran Church, up to and in the general area of the present upper Brownsmead road. There are various reasons expressed for the name Stringtown. Mother heard that it got its name when someone walked through on the narrow road on a Monday morning and found a string of clothes hung out by each little house. Another guess was that because several little houses were strung out along the road, it got its name. I've heard so many versions I'm almost compelled to play safe and say Stringtown got its name for reasons unknown. On second thought, considering all the years they have been stringing us along on this issue, the name seems quite appropriate.

Children from several families in Stringtown attended grade school at District #4 when I did. Some of the names that come to mind are Henning, Ludwig, Kesler, Baron, Schulze, Stein, Stanfield and Teeges.

These children walked on a trail through the woods to the Johnson home where Clifford and Elmer now live. From there they walked a high boardwalk over the tideland to the Warren Slough swinging bridge, thence along a trail which connected with the Knappa county road by the Union Hall. Another trail made a shortcut through the ferns directly toward school instead of going by way of the hall.

Mills

Steele Lumber Mill

John Steele's small lumber mill was located several hundred yards south of the Knappa Water Company's large holding tank. It was not in operation when we moved to Knappa but it had been in the early nineteen hundreds. Some of the men who worked there were Dan Overton, Bert Sold, Finley Taylor, Jim McPherson and Fred Sture. I

remembered all these men and with some I was very well acquainted. Mrs. Sold and Nellie Macy worked in the cook house. It was at this mill Fred met Nellie. Her name was changed to Nellie Sture. Fred was the driver of the team of horses which hauled the lumber from the mill down to the storage yard just below the present Knappa water tank..

When the mill was in operation, Charley Sture was just a wee lad who had a habit of disappearing from his home nearby. His parents knew he could be found up at the cook house sampling some of Mrs. Sold's cookies.

Boise Cascade recently logged the site of the mill.

Nicolai Mountain Mill

I do not know the actual name of this mill, its owners or its date. It was located near the relay station, between the station and the Simonson Road. Remnants and some hardware from the mill were still visible the last time I was in the area.

Lumber was hauled by horse team down into Westport. The grade of the road can still be seen on the hillside where it starts down toward Westport.

Otis Spear told me the story about this mill many years ago. It was he who had surveyed the road grade.

Nicolai Beaver Dam Mill

The site for this mill was apparently prepared at about the same time that the other Nicolai mill by Simonson Road was operating. This mill site was a half mile or so above Gnat Creek Falls. The stream was dammed up making a millpond where the beaver ponds are now located.

A natural dike existed on the west side of the creek. A large amount of dirt was hauled from a

pit on the west side, along the natural dike, across the stream on some sort of bridge and dumped on the east side. A large dike was eventually formed on the east side equal in size to the natural dike. Some second growth firs, three feet in diameter, now grow on it.

Four steel wheels resembling those on a railway handcar remained at the site for some years, but no steel rails. A cart hauling the dirt undoubtedly operated on wooden rails. A large old growth cedar stump on the natural dike had one side hewed off to make room for the passing cart.

After the dike was completed, a dam of some sort was made with a spillway over it. Some heavy mill-sawed timbers could be observed in the creek for many years after. The story is that the dam washed out shortly after completion. Whether or not any lumber was actually cut is questionable. One report was that some lumber went out in the direction of the Simonson Road mill, a couple miles distant through virgin timber. It would be reasonable to assume that the heavy timbers in the creek were hauled in from that direction.

I was never able to locate any actual mill site.

Jensen and Sheets Shingle Mill

I don't believe that was the official name of the mill.

This mill was situated near the Clifton turnoff by old Highway 30. Originally cedar bolts were hauled down from the lower Nicolai country on the present Shingle Mill Road. However, it could hardly be called a road in winter at that time. How the old company truck was able to flounder through some of the ruts and mudholes was a mystery. In about the late 1930's, the mill was moved up by Gnat Creek Falls. After that, shingles were hauled out instead of the shake bolts.

Mr. Jensen, the senior partner, died and Bob Sheets carried on alone. I still carry a receipt

in my wallet signed by R. L. Sheets for shingles I bought for my new barn in 1946. It reads: "50 squares of No. 1 shingles @ \$5.00 - \$250.00."

Old Growth Tree Landmarks

Most old growth fir trees were removed during the bull team days. However, five individual tall old growth trees, standing alone, could be seen from one vantage point in later years.

Three of these were struck by lightning. One, standing near the present Emanuel Lutheran Church, was struck about 1916. A few years later lightning hit one a short distance northwest of Prairie Cemetery. A tree in our south meadow was the third victim in about 1930. This particular strike left a lasting impression on me. I was awakened by a thunderstorm in the middle of the night. Suddenly, lightning and thunder seemed to come in one terrific blast as I felt a rush of air past my face. I thought our house had been hit. When I jumped out of bed and looked out the window, I could see the tree was on fire. The trunk of the tree was encircled by a large crack from top to bottom and limbs were scattered all over the place when I went to inspect the damage the next morning.

The fourth tree, in our north forty, experienced nothing of significance.

The fifth tree, practically opposite our front yard by the present location of the Don Bartlett mailbox, was somewhat of a noted landmark with considerable history. However, during violent southwest storms, the falling limbs created a considerable hazard to our home up by the road where we were living at the time. One morning we found the lawn littered with limbs and one exceptionally large one standing like a large Christmas tree with the butt end embedded in the ground. Had it landed on the house roof, it would have punctured the roof and ceiling. I notified the county commissioners of the damages and the tree was cut down.

One old time logger said he hated to see the tree removed. He said he had fond, romantic memories of that old tree in his younger days when the lower limbs swept clear to the ground. He was walking down the road on a Sunday morning when he chanced to meet a young lady Sunday School teacher of his acquaintance heading up to the church. After a brief visit by the tree, hand in hand, they retired to the privacy and solitude of those low hanging branches. In due time they returned to the road. He rambled on down the road and she trotted up the road to keep her overdue appointment with her Sunday School class.

All the years that I knew that tree, it never offered any opportunity for romantic memories. The trunk was completely bare, all the limbs having been cut off up to fifteen feet from the ground. The trunk was completely healed over with no scars showing where the limbs had once been. I would assume that the church fathers removed those lower limbs so that the Sunday School teacher would thereafter arrive on time to teach her class.

The trunk of that tree did serve a useful purpose, however. It was a bulletin board for candidates at election time. It was plastered with posters and it was completely impartial as it supported all candidates, regardless of party.

Some neighbors admired the tree and expressed displeasure about its removal. The prevailing storm winds came from a direction which caused the limbs to fall in such a way that they did not endanger their property.

After the dreadful October 1962 storm, two years later, when the wind came from a different direction and would have put their home in danger, they expressed great relief that the tree had been removed. It is just human nature to have opinions and make decisions on the basis of which way the wind is blowing or whose ox is getting gored.

CHAPTER 3

EARLY BUSINESS ESTABLISHMENTS - 1910-1925

Knappa Hotel

This hotel was located on high ground down by the Knappa dock near where the Bouse family now resides. A Mr. Jones operated the hotel when we came to Knappa. This hotel burned down some years later.

Boentgen Machine Shop

Mr. Boentgen Sr. had his machine shop in a small building on one side of the Knappa dock. The dock was a sizeable platform of heavy planks on pilings up above high water. One corner had a ramp, with cleats on it, extending down into the water where boats could be loaded and unloaded.

Blacksmith Shop

Claire Ingalls' blacksmith shop could be reached by taking the old county road past Prairie Cemetery down toward Big Creek. The shop was southwest of Prairie Cemetery in an old orchard now owned by Mr. & Mrs. Bob Engblom. Mr. Ingalls did a lot of horse shoeing as well as regular blacksmithing work.

Abbott Cannery

John Abbott's cannery was in operation near the end of Gun Club Road for quite a number of years. He commercially canned Evergreen blackberries, apples and other fruits as well as green beans. The canning building itself was hardly up to par by modern standards but the equipment did a satisfactory job.

Knappa State Bank

The vault of the Knappa State Bank can still be seen in lower Knappa between the dock and the railroad track. The building housed business offices of Big Creek Logging Company as well as the bank itself.

Considerable excitement was stirred up one day when the bank was robbed. The robber fled down into the swamp behind the bank. This swamp had SP&S Railroad on the south side, a logging railroad and Knappa Slough on the north side, a short stretch of county road on the east and it tapered down pretty much to a V where it came up against the mouth of Big Creek to the west. An S.O.S. was phoned up to Big Creek Logging camp for help. A local crew with rifles, in the meantime, patrolled the fringes of the area as best they could. When the loggers, with deer rifles, arrived by special train, the swamp was surrounded and a line of armed men started at the east end and combed the area as they moved westward. The robber was flushed out down at the mouth of Big Creek and captured without a shot being fired.

I may have erred in referring to the area as a swamp as it is now sometimes referred to as a fragile estuary.

When banks around the country went broke some years later, this one was no exception. I lost my boyhood savings. Something like \$5.00 as I recall.

Hufstater Store

This general merchandise store was owned by Mr. & Mrs. E. E. Hufstater. Living quarters were upstairs. It was located near the railroad track in lower Knappa. The SP&S Railroad was complete in 1898.

Mr. Hufstater took care of the store. He also sold passenger tickets for railway travel and served as express and freight agent. Also, the

Knappa Post Office was in one corner of the building. A hitching rail was located outside the building where farmers tied their horses.

This was a favorite meeting place on a Sunday morning where farmers collected to visit and to pick up the Sunday newspaper which would arrive on the morning train from Portland. Mail and groceries could also be picked up at this time.

We all had our own mailboxes which were opened by using a combination knob. I still recall our box number was 174 and the combination was to turn the knob three times to the right to 13 and twice back to 3. This is amazing in view of the fact that now I will look up a phone number and forget it before I finish dialing!

Ernest Hufstater was a large man who talked with a slow, deep voice. He moved about the store with his spectacles pushed up onto his forehead when not reading or writing. He used to tell me about his early hunting days when he was a commercial or market hunter in the Necanicum River area south of Seaside. He killed and butchered elk and sold them in Seaside. He would usually conclude his story with the statement, "We never wasted a pound of meat."

Mr. Hufstater operated the store for many years. He passed away when a little past middle age. It was on a warm February day while fighting a brush fire which had gotten away from him on his property up on the hill.

John Steele Store

The Steele family operated the general store and lived in the same building on the hill on the Platt Road in lower Knappa. This was the same John Steele who had operated the Steele Lumber Mill a few years earlier. This was a large family - mostly girls.

Dad also traded at this store at times. I recall one rather exciting incident that occurred while

we were at this store. Grandpa Dawson had been visiting us when Dad hitched the team to the wagon and took him down to the railway depot where he boarded the train for home. There was some hay scattered around on the floor of the wagon box where I rode in back. Dad had tied the team to the hitching rail and we were in the store when someone shouted "Fire." We ran outside to find the hay on the floor of the wagon on fire. The men folks grabbed buckets of water and finally got the fire out. In the meantime, the horses were putting on quite a show with the fire at their rumps. They eventually quieted down. Grandpa was smoking the stub of a cigar when we took him to the train. We figured that could have had something to do with the fire but we never mentioned it to him. The wagon always had a charred finish on the inside after that.

John Crum Store - Newberg Store

Mr. Crum had a little one-man store at the Knappa crossroads near where the Knappa Road Dept. shop is now located. After a few years this store closed and a larger store opened across the road, owned and operated by Mr. Crum's son-in-law and daughter, Mr. & Mrs. Albert Newberg.

Webster Store

This little store in Stringtown was in operation for only a year or so. Mr. Webster erected this building in a well shaded spot in a grove of young second-growth trees. Dad visited this store once and I accompanied him.

Havlik Fish Hatchery

This commercial hatchery was constructed on the present site of the Big Creek Fish Hatchery. Mr. C.P. Havlik operated the hatchery through the 1920's and longer.

Coulter Dance Hall and Pool Hall

Jim Coulter's dance hall was built in lower Knappa near the southwest end of the bridge which crossed the railroad track. The dance hall was at road level. The pool hall was underneath on the steep hillside.

This building eventually burned down and Mr. Coulter rebuilt a dance hall and pool hall out by the highway near where the telephone building is now situated. This building also burned some years later.

Knappa Barber Shop

This small building was located in lower Knappa across the road from Knappa State Bank. Al Bookern, a Big Creek logger, lost a leg in a train accident. He then learned the barbering business and operated the barber shop for a few years.

Knappa Garage

Finley Taylor, a neighbor and retired logger, opened up a garage by Highway 30 soon after the highway was first completed. It was situated near the present site of Knappa Super Market. His business at that time was mostly selling gas and oil and fixing flat tires. He usually wore a hat and uniform that was pretty well saturated with oil. Those who knew Finley well said that he always carried a complete stock of motor oil - Eastern or Western - in any weight you might want. They also said that he would limp to the darkest corner of the garage to get it and that it all came out of the same barrel.

Al Abrahams later owned and operated the garage. Al was a skilled mechanic.

Otto Brock was the last owner of the garage. The garage burned down while he owned it. Otto told me that quite a number of friends and neighbors helped him move things out during the fire and

that he witnessed the greatest feat of strength he had ever seen. He said Francis Bagley rushed into the building, grabbed a vise that was bolted to a two inch thick plank bench, reefed and twisted it loose and carried it out. I asked Francis about this and he just laughed - didn't admit it or deny it.

Bagley Bros. Mill

Bagley Bros. cut lumber in their small saw mill in the late 1920's. The mill was set up on the southwest corner of their farm, near Abbott Road. This was a family operation.

Bagley Bros. Dairy

About the same time Bagley Bros. were running their mill, they were also operating a retail milk route in Astoria.



Hufstater Store- L to R, Robert Taylor, Hilda Blair, E.E. Hufstater.

CHAPTER 4

PUBLIC BUILDINGS

Union Hall

The Union Hall Association was formed in 1888, with three trustees elected to oversee the business. The hall was built in that year.

The Union Hall has probably contributed more to the history of Knappa than any other one building. It was located near the northwest corner of the farm which the Elliott family later acquired in 1910.

All community functions centered around this hall, such as dances, box socials, card parties, Christmas parties and programs, wedding anniversary parties, charivaris (shivarees), polling place, agricultural meetings, gun club meetings, water board meetings and other meetings, and entertainment of various kinds. The Knappa Ladies Aid sponsored card parties and dinners at various times to raise money for the upkeep of the hall.

I grew up and attended many events in this building when the activities were at their peak. A typical Christmas party, in addition to Christmas festivities, often included a reading by Lottie Ross, a homemade poem by Oscar Thompson and vocal selections by Kate Ziak with Ella Simonsen at the piano.

One rather humorous as well as embarrassing incident, depending on which side of the fence you were on, comes to mind. The dance was in progress and the hall was packed. The standing crowd just inside the door extended out onto the dance floor. A Brownsmead youth, with his Knappa girlfriend, entered and became part of the crowd just inside the door. They were all snuggled

together with the girlfriend on his right side. Some time later the youth reached his right hand down, clasped the hand of his lady fair and gave it a squeeze. She responded with a squeeze. The squeezes were passing back and forth on a pretty regular basis when to the lad's shock and surprise he noticed that his girlfriend had shifted over and was standing on his left side. He looked down at the hand he was holding, followed up the arm to its owner and found himself looking into the grinning face of Fred Ward, a jolly senior citizen from Svensen. The embarrassed lad dropped the hand like a hot potato and ran out of the hall. Fred wasn't one to pass up a little fun when the opportunity presented itself.

Although the young couple never did get married, I don't believe this incident was the cause. One report was that the girl's mother believed in Signs of the Zodiak, or some sort of sign, which indicated that the birthdays of the young couple weren't compatible for a successful marriage. If that was the case, I guess that romance was doomed from the start.

Those early settlers who planned and were responsible for the Union Hall are to be commended for using good judgment. It served the Knappa community well for at least sixty years. The various members of the board of trustees, and later with an assist from the Ladies Aid, kept things in order and the building in repair.

Gradually, life in the community changed and uses for the building declined. With improved roads and fast cars, we went further afield seeking entertainment. The TV sets brought more entertainment into our homes. Other newer, more comfortable buildings served as meeting places. Agriculture meetings, attended by many full time farmers, became smaller and smaller. Today a farmers meeting of those in Knappa depending on full time farm income could be held in a telephone booth with only one chair - and that would be one chair too many.

As older citizens who faithfully served the Union Hall needs passed on, the younger generation did not step forward to take up the slack. Due to changing times their interests were elsewhere. The Union Hall Association ceased to exist around 1950 but the hall continued in use for some years after that date.

The hall was built with materials in common use at the time. There was no solid concrete foundation and no treated timbers. Decay set in rapidly in the vacant building. It was torn down in the early 1970's.

There were a few citizens who, for sentimental reasons, thought the hall should be left standing as a historic landmark. To leave it standing, without making any repairs, until it fell down would be a disgrace to the memories we shared. To make the necessary repairs under present code restrictions; replace the present plumbing and make a drainfield, paint the building, plus fire and liability insurance would require a fantastic sum of money. To expect any one individual in the community to assume such a burden rates no comment. To expect any particular organization or group of people in the community to do so with no particular use of the building thereafter would be ridiculous. The hall was not built with any thought of architectural beauty or design - no gingerbread or artistic beauty. Thus the building itself, even in its prime, was not an unusual showpiece. Sentiment has its place but it is a sad situation when we let it overshadow common sense.

Churches

A plot of ground, 100 ft. x 130 ft., was deeded to First Presbyterian Church of Knappa in 1894, with no strings attached. Like the Union Hall lot, this parcel of land had once been a part of our farm. A church was built on this property beside the county road, opposite Prairie Cemetary.

Another church was located on the hill in lower Knappa on Platt Road.

Schools

I will briefly mention five grade schools in the Knappa area, only one of which still stands. Two were no longer in use in 1910.

The only school building still standing is the oldest of the group. It is a small building on the hill in lower Knappa, across the road from the home of Mr. & Mrs. Howard Hughes. Mrs. Katherine McIntyre's mother, Mary, aunt Anna and uncle Carl all attended this school while they were members of the Johnson family living at Eddy Point. Carl was the father of Clifford and Elmer Johnson. My Aunt Polly (Mary Dawson) was a teacher at this school before I was born.

The second oldest school was a small one room building situated near the present Vinson shop. It was no longer in use when we moved to Knappa but it still remained standing for quite a few years. The Bagley brothers, Walter and Louis, and Fred Sture were among those who attended this school.

Other, slightly more modern, schools were District #4 in lower Knappa, District #16 (Fairview) in central Knappa by Nicolai Little League field and Hillcrest school in backcountry Knappa.



Union Dist. High School-1918. Knappa High School now on this site.

CHAPTER 5

FOURTH OF JULY

The July 4th celebration at the Knappa ball grounds was recognized as a major event each year. Three small concession stands were built. One handled fire works, one had pop and ice cream and the third was used for miscellaneous items. Tables and chairs were moved down from Union Hall and set up where the picnic lunches were to be spread out. An afternoon baseball game was a must, with the Knappa town team playing some opponent, often the Big Creek Logging Co. team.

One popular attraction was the baseball throw. A white sheet was hung up between two trees. This sheet had a hole in the center about the size of a man's head. A negro with a shaved head stuck his head through the hole in the sheet and dared the throwers to hit him. The throwers stood behind a line about 50 to 60 feet away. The throwers paid a dollar for three balls. The sheet had plenty of slack so the target was able to dodge. What better target could you want than a glistening black head against a white sheet background? The negro kept his eye on the ball - always dodging out of the way. He was never hit. I was too small to take part in this but it was fun to watch.

The following year there was a similar performance but with a different negro. This fellow had a heavily padded helmet affair on top of his head. He didn't keep his eye on the ball all the way. At the last moment he would duck his head as a safety measure. While this affair was going on I strayed away but I ran back down when I heard a cheer go up. They were pounding Bob Ziak Sr. on the back. One of his fast balls had connected with the top of the negro's head. Fortunately, because of the leather padding, he shook it off

and their game continued.

Apparently, targets were hard to find. This event lasted for only two years.

There were foot races of all descriptions for different age groups as well as three-legged races and sack races.

Women had an opportunity to try their skill at nail driving. Mother won this event on two different occasions.

A pole was set up for the greased pole climbing event. This pole was usually a newly peeled alder with its sap as slick as glass. Mike Ludwig would usually stand in the background to watch the beginners try their luck. Each one would fail but each one would carry some sap away on his clothes. As the pole got more dry, each contestant would go a little higher. Mike was a strong climber and he would wait and at the right moment he would take over and go to the top. One year he crowded his luck when a strong kid almost made it to the top. Mike was running around fit to be tied. The kid ran out of steam when about a foot from the top. As soon as he hit the ground, Mike barged in and went to the top. The prize was always a pair of shoes. Mike won all three years this event was held.

Fire crackers were never in short supply. When touching off single fire crackers became monotonous, often the whole string was set off at once.

The baseball game in the afternoon was always the big event. Although I had never yet even had hold of a real baseball, already I had my favorite players. Bud Henning, in center field, could run like a deer and make impossible catches but wasn't sensational at bat. Chester Taylor, at shortstop, could field, hit and run the bases. I figured if I ever got a chance to play in later years, shortstop would be my first choice. Ralph Vinson and Bob Taylor did the catching and after seeing them get hit with foul tips, I wasn't much interested in that position. When Bob was carried off the

field with a broken leg, I knew I'd never be a catcher.

Karl Koch played outfield in some games. He was a big, strong fellow who could hit the ball out of sight when he connected. It was fun to just watch his mighty swing. When he connected it was just frosting on the cake.

Clifton (Kick) McGuire did O.K. at first base but was an automatic out at the plate. Ole Dybvik liked to bunt.

Albert "Snoose" Nelson was a good pitcher when he was sober. He wasn't always a good pitcher. In one game he was walking about half of the batters he faced. Lew West, the manager of those early teams for many years, walked out to the mound to take him out of the game. Snoose let the manager know that there was nothing wrong with his control and that no S.O.B. was going to take him out of the game. Knappa lost that game by a substantial margin.

Cy Knapp, a rather small right fielder, hit one of the longest home runs I had ever seen. Cows had pastured on the ball grounds and surrounding fields for many years and they had gradually worn a deep pathway inside the right field foul line. The pathway started back of first base and then continued slightly up hill to the corner of Carl Peterson's line fence. From there it sloped down hill in the direction of the Columbia River. Cy hit a line drive over first base which fell in the trail. The ball was still rolling in the gutter after Cy circled the bases.

During the July 4th game in 1919, a cheer went up from the sidelines. Someone had brought a report that Jack Dempsey had defeated Jess Willard for the World Heavyweight Championship. Some of the fans must have had their money on Dempsey.

One year the Big Creek Logging Co. played host on the 4th. A flat car was fixed up with side rails and benches to haul the Knappa folks up to Camp 3.

They put on a big feed for us in the mess hall. I recall that strawberry shortcake was the dessert. In the afternoon the special car hauled the guests out into the woods where loggers put on a display of the different logging operations. No ballgame that year.



League Champion Baseball team. Front row, L to R-Ernie Barendse, Tony Vlastelicia, Leslie Taylor, Carl White, Jim Conroy, Ole Dybvik, Mgr. Back row-Paul Peterson, Earl Peterson, Al Johnson, Willard Jones, Jim Elliott, Al Barendse.



Knappa ball field-1911.

CHAPTER 6

A FEW UNFORGETTABLE NEIGHBORS

Otis (Otie) Spear

Otie was a rather large man who walked rather slowly and talked in a similar fashion. He was about middle age when I first knew him. Otie lived with his sister, Lottie Ross, in their home by District #4 grade school. Lottie was a widow who had lost her husband in a logging train accident about the time we came to Knappa. Otie also owned property north of Union Hall which adjoined ours on our north line fence. This he used for pasture for three or four cows.

One of his hobbies was surveying. It was not unusual to see him walking across a field with a compass in his hand. Another hobby, which he pursued with a passion, was the moving of dirt with a wheelbarrow. He must have worn out quite a few shovels and wheelbarrows in his time while moving tons and tons of dirt. He worked for months transporting soil down into a swale from a nearby hillside. This must have given him a lot of satisfaction but to the bystander, nothing of importance had been accomplished. He spent endless hours digging out roadways which seemed to have no particular destination. His sister, Lottie, said that he built roads to nowhere. So long as this kept him happy, it was a wonderful hobby - unlimited possibilities and inexpensive material.

Otie seemed to have his finger in many pies. Besides being a surveyor and milking a few cows, he also was a commercial fisherman. He shot seals and rendered their fat into seal oil. He picked up cedar driftwood logs on the river which he cut into fence posts. Dad liked to buy posts from him because they were so husky that some could be

split in two and still be of sufficient size. Dad also bought some seal oil, which he used on the harness.

Andrew Abrahams

Mr. Abrahams had been a timber faller in the old bull team days. He then owned a little farm down the road a short distance where he kept a few milk cows and took care of a few bee hives. He told us many stories about early logging in the Knappa area but, unfortunately, I didn't take notes and they have mostly been forgotten. We saw a lot of Mr. Abrahams, especially during hay-ing season when there was some trading of work. He had a keen sense of humor which made working with him a pleasure. His wife, Martha, could make the best lemonade I had ever tasted. This was an added bonus when I helped him during haying season. While this didn't seem to quench the thirst, it sure tasted good.

Mr. Abrahams had a pile of barnyard manure by his barn which needed to be hauled out so one day Dad took the team and big sled over to help him. Mr. Abrahams, at that particular time, had chills. One foot was so swollen and sore he could hardly get his shoe on. After the sled was loaded, Dad started up the team while Mr. Abrahams was stumbling along on the lower side. The sled slid sideways, one runner passing over his sore foot. He howled with pain. After a break, he came back and finished out the afternoon. Dad went back the following morning to finish the job alone because he knew Mr. Abrahams would probably be on crutches. To his surprise he found him waiting, fresh as a daisy, with no sign of chills. They had accidentally found a cure.

On another occasion Mr. Abrahams had a problem with a cow which had just calved. The uterus came out (prolapsed uterus, it is called). When he came for help, Dad wasn't home so I went. It was quite an experience for me. It didn't strengthen my desire to be a veterinarian. The cow was laying down and so were we as we shoved



Fred and Nellie Sture arriving
at our house for Sunday dinner. .



Andrew Abrahams,
a good neighbor
and respected
oldtimer it was
a pleasure to
know.

and sweated in an effort to get the uterus back in place. We were on the verge of success several times only to have it come flying out again. Finally, after about an hour, we admitted defeat. Mr. Abrahams said there was nothing to do but put the cow out of her misery.

After I got my gun, we led the cow down a steep hill in the back pasture where he intended to bury her. As she staggered down the hill behind us, the prolapsed uterus slurp, slurp, slurped every step of the way. Then all was quiet. We looked around and couldn't believe our eyes! The pull of gravity on that steep down hill had slurped the uterus back in place where it belonged. The cow was saved. I wonder if Dr. Herriot, the noted British veterinarian, ever used that method?

Now we had the problem of getting the cow back up the hill. It could be a case of "as ye give, ye shall take." By sashshaying back and forth on a lot of switchbacks, we finally got up to level ground and success was ours.

Mr. Abrahams had an accident in the woods many years before. While hammering on a wedge with the sledge, a small piece of steel flew off which lodged in one eye. This left him blind in that eye although a bystander wouldn't detect this.

He was usually in quite a good mood but I did hear him tell of one encounter more than once which proved he could express anger. He was helping a local farmer haul his hay in out of the field. Apparently the farmer thought his team a little sluggish. In order to incite it to greater effort, he would shout and wave his pitchfork around the air in a threatening manner. During one of these outbursts, the blunt side of the gyrating pitchfork came in contact with the side of Mr. Abrahams' head. Although he had been a logger (timber faller) most of his life, he seldom used profanity the way many loggers did. In this case, he made an exception for he always finished the story by referring to the farmer as a "God damn fool." He was doubly angered because he had been hit on the side of the head with the

good eye. I guess the moral to his story was "If you are inclined to rap a one-eyed man on the side of the head with a pitchfork, choose the blind side - it's less painful there." But, on second thought, I guess there were other reasons for concern.

Mr. Abrahams had the finest, manicured garden in Knappa year after year. It had the hedge of rhubarb on three sides and was situated beside the county road where everyone could see it. After spading the garden in early spring, the soil was prepared for planting. Once the small vegetable plants showed above ground, the weeds never had a chance because of his constant attention with hoe and rake. It has been said that he even backed out of the garden, dragging the rake behind him, to erase his tracks.

Anton Peterson

In about 1912 or 1913 the Anton Peterson family purchased the Twilight farm adjoining us on our east boundary. Mr. Peterson was a skilled carpenter with hand tools and he soon had a new house and a new barn on the property. The land in cultivation at the time consisted of only one field south of the barn. The extremely long field now in cultivation north of the barn was, at that time, a jungle of brush and huge old fir stumps. In one spot just north of the barn there were over seventy huge old growth fir stumps on one acre of ground. Mr. Peterson attacked these with a method of burning called char pitting. He would start a fire under the middle of a stump and then would gradually shovel dirt onto the sides of the stump until no flame showed. The intense heat was sealed in and by constantly shoveling dirt on the stump so that no flame appeared, the heat burned down into the roots and the stump would eventually topple over or sink down into the hot coals. When quite a number of stumps were attacked at one time, it was a constant job of shoveling, night and morning, to keep the stumps covered. When the burning was over and the fire was out, it was

necessary to dig down and locate any roots that might remain. These were sawed off with a cross-cut saw or chopped off below plow depth, then dragged out with one mule power. No chain saws existed at that time.

Mr. Peterson was a workaholic and cleared most of the north field in this manner. He was recognized as a land clearing expert. Even representatives from Oregon State University were reported to have come down to observe his methods.

When the upper stretches of Warren Slough became affected by the crossdike and tidebox, the land became suitable for pasturing after clearing. Logs which were not visible, just below the surface of the ground when the land was first cleared, appeared above ground in a few years after the new land settled.

I was down in the area one hot summer day when I heard the sound of chopping over in the Peterson tide land, yet no one was in sight. When I went to investigate I found Mr. Peterson down in a man made pit more than six feet deep and several feet wide. He was working on a sizeable log, first bucking it into firewood length with a crosscut saw, then splitting it. He was clearing the land while getting his winter wood at the same time. The pit had to be wide enough to allow elbow room while pushing and pulling the saw. A short ladder leaned against the wall for entering and leaving. Imagine the effort that went into that project, especially on a day when the temperature above ground, in the shade, was over 85 degrees. When he cleared land, it stayed cleared!

While I have emphasized Mr. Peterson's clearing activity, he was even more famous as a carpenter. He was a master craftsman with hammer and saw in all respects.

CHAPTER 7

GRADE SCHOOL DAYS AND BEFORE

As I look back on my early years there are many memories of my grade school years but only a few that date back to my preschool days. I will mention some of these first. Unfortunately, we sometimes remember things one would like to forget.

Our early means of travel was mostly either on foot, by horse and buggy or by train. We spent very little time on a boat.

After Dad hitched up the horse to the buggy, Mother drove down to Hufstater's store to buy a few groceries and get the mail. I rode with her. On the way home we met Mr. Twilight, driving his team, hitched to a wagon. The roads were rather narrow in those days but there was usually room for two wagons to pass. In this case I don't know who was crowding the center line but a lower hub of Mr. Twilight's wagon hooked under a hub on our buggy which was a little higher. This caused one side of the buggy to suddenly lurch upward and tossed Mother and I out into the road. I landed in the ditch and was unhurt. Mother wasn't so lucky. She landed in the gravel road in a rather ungraceful manner and her cheek came in contact with the road. However, at that particular spot there happened to be a sizeable pile of wet horse manure and this helped to break her fall. She got up with an ugly greenish stain all over her face but only a few little gravel scratches.

Fortunately, as we were airborne Mother had the presence of mind to shout "Whoa." Mr. Twilight felt terrible and did a lot of apologizing but no one knew who was to blame.

Mother climbed back into the buggy but there was quite a problem getting me to ride home with her.

I wasn't about to ride alongside of someone with a face smeared up with horse manure stain and moisture still dripping from her chin. They finally got me in the buggy but all I could say was "Pew! Stink!" as I rode home draped over the side of the buggy as far away from Mother as possible.

On another occasion Margaret and I had been down to the store and on the way back we took a short cut over the hill by the ball park as we usually did when we were walking to and from the store. We had picked up the mail and we also bought a small bag of jelly beans. A flock of sheep were in the pasture by the ball field through which we passed. It was here that I dropped a black jelly bean on the ground. I didn't realize I had picked up the wrong one until it was in my mouth. Moral to this would be "Don't pick up black jelly beans in a sheep pasture."

We used to sometimes play a kids game where you would make all kinds of faces in an attempt to make your opponent laugh. If you made him laugh - you were the winner!

A Mrs. Bowers lived in Knappa. She had some sort of ailment which caused her head to be tilted on one side and she had the bleariest eyes imaginable. I couldn't help it but whenever I saw her I was sure to burst out laughing. As far as making me laugh, she was the winner every time without even trying. Mother said the lady did have spooky eyes but she couldn't help it and I shouldn't laugh. When she moved away from Knappa, I think Mother gave a sigh of relief.

When I was four or five years old Mother took Margaret and I on the train to Astoria to see our first circus. I'll always remember the elephants and the man in the cage with the lions but the big surprise came during a break in the action when we were sitting up in the grandstand. I looked at all those spectators and there wasn't a person I knew. I chanced to look directly behind us and there, about three rows back, sat Mrs. Bowers. It was electrifying. I was on my

feet instantly, pointing at the poor soul and shouting, "Oh, Mother, there is Mrs. Spooky Eyes." Mother grabbed me and set me down hard. For years after, Mother said that was the most embarrassing moment of her life.

All my grade school days were spent at Knappa District #4 school on the hill in lower Knappa by the community baseball grounds. The Hartmans now live on the old school grounds.

My first day at school was one that can't be forgotten. Miss Neidigh, a slim, tall lady in her fifties had just been hired and was also spending her first day in our school. She taught all eight grades, as was the case with all my grade school teachers.

I had been very reluctant and timid about going to school that first day but by afternoon I had settled down some. Then the boy seated behind me whispered something to me and I whispered an answer. As I turned back I heard fast approaching footsteps and there was Miss Neidigh descending on me with hands poised in the air like an eagle pouncing on a salmon. I felt her fingernails sink into my shoulder blades and then all was confusion as she shook the daylight out of me. No way was I about to go to school the next morning. Dad finally had to take me to school and he talked to the teacher. She said that when she took the job she had heard that the school was lacking in discipline and she vowed to make an example of the first student she even saw whispering - which happened to be me. She eased off a bit after that and she was one of our better teachers. I believe it was during the second year of teaching that she fell off a chair while winding the school clock and broke her leg. A substitute teacher finished out the year.

I was the only student enrolled in the first grade so I was pushed up into the second grade. Pete Ludwig, Leslie Taylor and Paul Peterson were second graders. With considerable help at home, I didn't have any great problems adjusting.

The following year I was having a few problems with some of my older classmates picking on me somewhat and I kept telling Mother about it. She finally told me she was sick and tired of hearing about it and it was about time I started fighting back. A few days later, just before school was dismissed, Leslie Taylor, who was sitting behind me, started sticking me in the seat with a pen. Every time the pen point sank home, I would naturally react. Leslie thought this was great fun. I finally warned him to lay off or I would take care of him after school. He kept it going. When school was dismissed we both ran through the hall, grabbing our coats, hats and lunch pails. It was a rainy day and a wet gunny sack was out on the porch where we wiped our muddy shoes before entering the school. I grabbed this dirty sack on the way out and caught up with Leslie before we got off the school grounds. We had quite a scuffle which ended up with me sitting on top of him. I still had the sack and his face was a lot dirtier than mine. That ended my problem. I was one of the boys after that - all through school.

After World War I, we saw something we had never seen before. During recess we heard an unfamiliar noise. We looked up and saw an airplane passing over. It was the old style type with wings above and below the body. We all went wild and there was such a commotion that recess lasted longer than usual. The balance of that year, whenever we heard an airplane - even during class time - someone would shout "airplane" and everyone, including the teacher, would rush out of the building to see it.

It was also after World War I that we had one unscheduled recess. During the war we were expected to be patriotic in support of our men overseas. One option we had was to collect prune pits which were processed in some manner for use in the making of gas masks. We had many prune trees at the time and there were many pits on the ground after the excess fruit rotted in the fall. Some of the other boys and I picked up lots of pits which we carried to school and dumped them

in a 50 gallon wood barrel to dry. When the war ended we had the barrel half filled.

Mr. Trout was janitor a few years after this. While cleaning out the woodshed, he came upon this half barrel of prune pits. He came in the school and asked the teacher if school could be recessed for a while as he had something to show the children. He led us to this barrel and showed us what a pack rat was capable of doing. He said he had seen pack rat nests before but nothing that could equal this collection. Some of us chuckled but I don't recall that we told him who the pack rats were. We lucked out by getting an unscheduled recess.

Otis Spear's chickens trespassed on the school grounds quite regularly but they were of no particular concern. They even nested there at times and occasionally came off with a hatch of little chicks. Once, by chance, we found three well filled nests of eggs under the school house which had undoubtedly been there for some months. We gathered the eggs and put them in a cardboard box. Then the problem arose as to a suitable target. The girl's toilet seemed as good as any. The door was closed but we never gave this a thought. After the first barrage the walls had changed from white to yellow. We reloaded and, just as we cast off with the second volley, the door started to open. The badly spoiled eggs glanced off the door onto Mary Stewart's blouse and dress. We had no grudge against Mary and we didn't actually know the little building was occupied - although the closed door should have told us something. At any rate, Mary got permission to go home and we had the privilege of missing several recesses.

A stile was built over the fence between the school grounds and the Knappa baseball field. The stile was a simple contraption with steps leading up one side of the fence to a small platform on top of the fence and steps leading down to the ground on the further side. This did away with the need for a gate for pedestrian travel.

One day a billy goat suddenly appeared over by the baseball grounds. This drew our immediate attention. Some of we older boys had been over making its acquaintance and had just returned to the school grounds, after coming over the stile. The goat had followed us to the foot of the stile but hadn't crossed. George Roberts met us there and insisted we had been teasing the goat and that he was going to report it to the teacher. He climbed to the top of the stile, from where he proceeded to tell the goat on the ground what a noble beast it was and how we had mistreated it. With one single leap, without touching a step, it was up on the platform beside him. With one single leap and without touching a step, George was off the stile and heading for the back door of the school at top speed.

George was a few grades behind us in school. He was a large lad for his age with huge hands, feet, head, ears - just a large boy in all respects. He didn't have great speed. His feet never seemed to catch up with his front end when he ran. In this instance his head and shoulders had passed through the back door while his feet were still on the bottom step.

We knew he would tell the teacher so we went around back of the schoolhouse and peeked around the corner to watch developments.

Mrs. Fessler was our teacher that year. She soon came out the back door. No pupils were then in sight but the billy goat was now in the schoolyard. She approached the animal and started uttering words of praise. The goat responded by committing a violent act of indecent exposure. The red faced, embarrassed teacher rushed back into the schoolhouse. We ducked back out of sight and rolled in the grass laughing at the teacher's discomfort. The goat was never mentioned after that and it disappeared the following day - just as suddenly as it had appeared.

I could go on mentioning various memorable incidents but I hesitate lest it might give the impression that we were in school for fun rather

than learning. However, the four members of our eighth grade graduating class passed the final exams with three average grades over 90 and one 86.

Our sporting events in those early days were so different from today. We scarcely ever touched a baseball until we were in high school. We used a homemade ball, made by wrapping strips of cloth around and around as tight as we could in the shape of a ball and then having our mothers sew a cover on it, possibly part of an old sock. The bat was often an old picket off a fence with the handle carved down so we could grip it. With this equipment we played tom ball.

Shinny was another popular sport up to a certain point. I no longer recall the rules of the game but I do know we started with a tin can and some long handled clubs. Before long the can was a jagged mess of metal. In one of these games the jagged metal sailed high and caught Pete Ludwig on the eyebrow. Pete was bawling, with blood running down his face. We were sure his eye was put out. Fortunately, when the bleeding stopped we found that his eye was still O.K. We voluntarily quit playing shinny on that day.

Basketball was unknown until we were in the eighth grade. Our teacher and coach that year was Miss Hilda Luoto, who in later years, after marriage, became well known as Mrs. Hilda Lahti. Coach Luoto's team that year had a record of five wins, no losses. We played on a rough, outdoor court with an outdoor basketball. This ball had seams on the outside. The double handicap made our dribbling quite erratic.

In conclusion and as an after thought I might mention one classroom instance where Miss Luoto and I couldn't seem to cooperate. That was my introduction to the art of debating. She gave us a subject upon which to argue and then assigned us to either the affirmative or negative side of the subject. We were allowed ten minutes to prepare our arguments and then two minutes to present them up in front of the entire school. The

subject was "Resolve that men act more from fear of punishment than from hope of reward." As a grade school student I felt that I was completely unprepared to express an opinion on the subject, either for or against. I had no facts or figures to justify any argument. After ten minutes my mind was just as blank as it was the first minute. It seemed to be one of those instances where "it's better to remain silent and thought a fool than to speak out and remove all doubt."

When Miss Luoto called on me I told her that I was still unprepared and that I had nothing to say. She had me stand up in front of the class for the allotted two minutes in total silence. I could hear occasional juvenile snickers from various parts of the room. The other debaters got up and talked a little - but said nothing.

When I was in high school some folks tried to induce me to try out for the debating team. I declined because I thought it would be wise for me to quit while I was ahead. In no way could I improve on my grade school debating record.

Until recently, I found the grade school topic just as confusing as it was away back then. In recent years it is apparent that men do act more for hope of reward than from fear of punishment. The newspapers are full of crimes being committed for hope of reward with the criminals knowing full well that if caught, a soft judge would put them on probation or very likely the parole board would turn them loose in a short time. The word punishment seems to be becoming obsolete.

CHAPTER 8

PROHIBITION

During prohibition quite a number of moonshine stills flourished in the Knappa area. Some moonshiners were well known and didn't seem to make any effort to keep their occupation a secret. Others, whose identity became known when occasionally apprehended by the law, came as a complete surprise. Even when we would stumble onto the location of a moonshine still, we would ignore it and make no big deal about it because some of us figured some of the law enforcement officers probably already knew about it. Dad never said anything but Mother often said that some of those prohibition officers sure feathered their nests. It did seem that some became far better off financially than their salaries would justify. Whether this was actually the case or not, it appeared that some moonshiners were continually harrassed while others were immune.

In discussion of some of these moonshiners, in most cases first names or fictitious names were used so as not to cause embarrassment to nearest of kin, who may still be living in our community.

Bill Cline and his wife lived in a houseboat on Warren Slough just south of the railway bridge. We always thought of Bill's wife as a rather flashy dresser. They had a little white poodle so completely covered with long hair we wondered how it could possibly see. Bill was one of those whose occupation was known to everyone. He traveled by boat and seemed to be quite often changing site of operation. Some of these were in the brushy tidelands bordering Knappa Slough. I once stumbled onto one of these, which was no longer in condition for use. Another time he had one down in the Eddy Point region. Howard Hughes, as a young lad, was peeling cascara bark in that

area and was completely unaware that he was trespassing on anyone's privacy. However, that evening Bill stopped at the store and told Howard's uncle to keep that kid out of there.

It was while he was operating in the Eddy Point area that a report was circulated that Bill had killed a young bear with a club. We always assumed that it must have been an intoxicated bear that was feeding on the discarded mash.

Bill seemed to be one of those who evaded the clutches of the law most of the time. There was one story about a local storekeeper who, on a warm summer evening, took his chair out on the front porch to sit in the shade. He was still sitting there in semi-darkness as evening came and was unseen by two approaching men. He recognized one as Bill and the other as a law man. He overheard the law man ask Bill how much it was worth to him. Bill replied that all he had was \$300.00.

Mr. Sarich had probably the most elaborate set-up in Knappa. He built a large two story chicken-house and went into the poultry business. The building also had a secret cellar or basement where his still was located. He could brush the litter aside, raise a trap door and descend into the basement. Another escape route was a tunnel that led into a large blackberry patch outside the building. When the law descended on him, he went out of the chicken business and the building has been vacant ever since. It is located near old Highway 30, west of Little Creek and can no longer be seen from the road because it is surrounded by large holly trees.

K.D. Raker had several hives of bees here in lower Knappa and Dad also had bees. Mr. Raker in no way was involved in the moonshine business. He moved to a small place in the upper Stringtown area. Dad went up to see Mr. Raker to talk about bees and I accompanied him. Mr. Raker took Dad and I out to show us the location of a still which had just been raided before he moved on the place. A lot of work had gone into that

operation. A manhole about 2½ feet square with a ladder on one side descended into a room several feet underground. The dirt from the excavation had been thrown out the backside into a deep canyon which was hidden by a dense jungle of salmon-berry plants. A trap door had covered the entrance at the top of the ladder.

During the fall, bears came down into old orchards in great numbers and left distinctive trails where they retreated into the timbered hills during the day. I was following one such trail with my bird dog and rifle in hand. The trail led through the small vacated Chamberlain homestead, a little north of Stringtown proper. Suddenly I came face to face with a man descending the same trail. He carried an old shotgun in one hand, a heavily loaded gunny sack over one shoulder and was accompanied by a medium sized dog. I instantly recognized the man and realized that the trail had been padded down more by man than by bear. I explained that I was bear hunting and that if he had already been up in that country, I guess I'd just as well go back. He agreed that bears can be dangerous and that I had best go out with him. This I did. I recognized Fred but I don't think he knew who the big eared young bear hunter was. I was especially surprised to learn that Fred was a moonshiner. My second surprise was that he was operating in the Stringtown country while living in the Hillcrest area miles away.

At the same time, about one-fourth mile from where the old Chamberlain homestead was located, the old Henning house once stood but had now tumbled down. This was closer to Stringtown proper. A small stream emerged from a brushy little canyon at this point. When the east wind was blowing, a strong odor of moonshine descended that little canyon. I never knew who was in operation there.

One morning I noticed smoke arising from the timber in a small canyon just south of the present gun club building, not far from where Frank Brock lived. The following day the local paper reported that Sheriff Paul Kearney had found and

burned a moonshine still operated by Frank Brock in the Knappa area. That was a surprise because I never dreamed Frank was in that business. I believe Paul Kearney had just become sheriff shortly before that and that was the last still I heard of. Prohibition ended shortly thereafter.

In addition to those who made the liquor, we had those who retailed it in bottles.

Jimmy was a well known source for anyone who had the price of a fifth. His son-in-law, who lived just north of Prairie Cemetary and across the road from our southwest hay field, also did considerable business. When I replaced the fence around this hay field some years later I found several bottles of moonshine which had been stashed away at the base of various old posts. I don't know just what sort of a filing system this man had but he died suddenly of a heart attack and apparently no one else knew the secret hiding places.

The story of one rather humorous incident has been circulated concerning an experience that Ted had when he purchased a bottle at this location. It was a moonlight night and he retired to the cemetary to consume its contents. Some time later, while Ted was leaning against a tall tombstone and the liquor was having the desired effects, a hand was laid upon his shoulder. It is a mistake to lay the hand on the shoulder of a drinking man in a cemetary at night when he is reaching the point where ghosts are likely to appear at any time. Ted tore loose and ran across the cemetary at top speed - considering his condition - stumbling over tombstones enroute.

A scotchbroom thicket bordered the south side of the cemetary where two or three strands of old rusty barbed wire (that had once been a fence) were entwined amongst it. Ted staggered through this and hit the old county road that led down toward Big Creek. Fortunately, when Ted started running he had the presence of mind to jam a finger down into the neck of the bottle to keep the remainder of the precious liquor from spill-

ing. When he stopped to catch his breath, he found the bottle was missing but the neck of the bottle still encircled his finger.

It seems that some law men had the place staked out and one of them had laid a hand on Ted's shoulder to question him as to where he had purchased the liquor.

One well known Astoria resident was reported to have had a rather limited milk route. The outside of the milk bottles were painted white but the contents were not white.

The final chapter with respect to this moonshine discussion concerns Eleanore and myself a few months after we were married. Once again, we are in the Stringtown country. There was some logged off land on the lower side of old Highway 30 which extended down into Stringtown. We were picking wild blackberries and having considerable success. Down in green timber below us, I could hear Mr. Henningson's old Model A Ford pickup snorting around and I realized he was hauling firewood out of there at various times. As I followed first one blackberry vine and then another, I was led down into the edge of the green timber. I came face to face with a barricade of large logs stacked up in such a fashion that it resembled a huge log cabin without a roof. The fortress had been there for some time as it was covered with vines. A small bushy alder grew alongside at one point and I was able to scramble up and peek over the top. It was a different world inside. A well used doorway and path led out the further side. The large room had a hard, smooth dirt floor. A lumber framework was built along the wall, a few feet from the floor. Barrels of various sizes rested on their sides on this framework, completely around the room.

I climbed down inside and hefted the barrels. Some were empty, some so heavy I couldn't lift them. Some were partly full. I found a small barrel, three gallon size, that was about half full. I removed the cork in the bung hole and it smelled like wine to my uneducated nose. I

rolled it out over the wall and carried it up to where Eleanore was picking berries. When I told her about my rare find, that ended our berry picking right there. She told me to drop the barrel and for us to get out of there. Well, I couldn't abandon the barrel after I had carried it that far! We got it to the car - and we didn't get shot.

After we got home I took a little sip of the wine. When it took the skin off my tongue, I realized I had moonshine instead of wine. I had wasted my time on something that was too hot for me to handle!

I still wonder about the amount of moonshine that was stored in that one location. It must have been a receiving station for various moonshiners. No one operator could produce it in that amount. Perhaps they had some sort of co-op.

The Mr. Henningson who was hauling wood also had somewhat of a reputation in other businesses. Could there have been something else under those loads of wood he was hauling out?



Lower Knappa area-1911.

CHAPTER 9

UTILITIES

The H.M. (Harold) Bjorg family moved from Astoria to Knappa. They arrived in Knappa soon after we did. In Astoria they had enjoyed the luxury of electric lights, telephone and running water. Harold didn't enjoy going back to the kerosene lamp and the old oaken bucket. Through his effort and leadership, I'd have to give him the top award for changing the life style in Knappa in a positive way.

Telephone

Harold Bjorg was instrumental in getting a telephone system set up in Knappa in 1922. This was a party line affair. The first central station was set up in the Knapp home with Dorothy Knapp as switch board operator. She held this position for a number of years, even after she married and became Mrs. Dorothy Gaither.

On the party line system, every phone owner had his own phone number or ring. I believe ours was three short rings. One had a long and a short, another had a long and two shorts, etc. Everyone on our line heard everyone else's ring. The proper procedure was to answer the phone only when your own number rang. However, it wasn't unusual for some people to make it a practice of getting all the community gossip by picking up the receiver and listening in on other folks' conversations. You didn't dare tell any secrets over the phone for they might soon lose their secrecy and be community gossip the following day.

One story comes to mind of Mrs. Jones, who folks knew to be a constant eavesdropper. Mrs. Smith,

who was also on her line, knew this and she wasn't exactly pleased by it. One day, while talking to a neighbor, Mrs. Smith heard the click of a receiver being taken off the hook. She surmised it was Mrs. Jones - as usual. After a rather lengthy discussion on some subject with her neighbor, she asked "Isn't that right, Mrs. Jones?" The answer was "Yes." Then the click of a phone being hung up. Mrs. Smith's guess was right.

When Dorothy Gaither retired, Mrs. Bjorg held the switch board operator's job for many years until its operation was moved out of Knappa.

Electricity

With a prod from Harold Bjorg, Mr. F. C. Green established a power line in Knappa in 1927.

The poles were of rather unusual design, made of 4"x6" timbers - or smaller, as I recall. Two pipes of about 3" diameter were flattened on one end and a hole drilled in the flat end. These were driven in the ground about four or five feet apart with the flat part above the surface. The two timbers were bolted together on one end. The other ends were bolted to the pipes thus creating an A frame. After installing the insulators, the frame was raised into a vertical position and held erect by two guy wires. Instead of spurs, an extension ladder was used when installing the wire.

Water

Here again Harold Bjorg was the big push in getting a community water system. It operated as Knappa Water Company, financed by share holders. W.E. McMindes was county extension agent at the time. He had also had some experience as a surveyor and engineer.

Mr. Bjorg and Mr. McMindes were considering Mill Creek as a source of water. They had passed the

C.P. Havlik fish hatchery on various occasions while doing a preliminary study of the project. Mr. Havlik was using some water out of the stream for his hatchery.

One Sunday afternoon Mr. Bjorg and Mr. McMIndes decided to do a little further exploring. They parked down by the Big Creek bridge and hiked up toward Mill Creek along a trail by Big Creek. This was Sture property at the time, owned by George and Astor Sture. They chanced to meet Astor Sture on the trail that afternoon. He had been up visiting with Mr. Havlik. When he was informed of where they were going, he told them he thought they were too late. Mr. Havlik had told him that he had applied for water rights on Mill Creek, but Astor didn't know when. Bjorg and McMIndes were shocked and dejected when they saw all their plans go up in smoke. They turned back and accompanied Astor on the way out.

Later that day they talked over the situation and they wondered when Havlik had applied for the permit. Finally, they decided that they would get up early the following Monday morning and drive to Salem to be at the proper office when it opened for business. Perhaps the Havlik application hadn't yet been received. They left at 3:00 a.m., the journey taking them considerably longer than the trip would take today with better roads and faster cars. Luck was with them. They got the necessary water rights.

Mr. McMIndes did the surveying and engineering. It became a reality in 1927.

A small dam was constructed on upper Mill Creek. The first year the line extended only to Highway 30. The following year it continued on down to lower Knappa. Donated labor was a big help in its construction. I know that Dad spent considerable time with team and plow.

The water line left the county road down by Union Hall. It took a shortcut down into a canyon, up a steep hillside, past the old ball grounds and on down into lower Knappa. When the valve was

turned on at the highway, Mr. Bjorg went down to an open valve by the railway bridge to watch the water come through. Mr. Coulter came out of his dance hall nearby. When appraised of the situation, he asked Bjorg how he expected the water to get up that hill by the ball grounds. He said "Any darn fool knows water won't run up hill." Bjorg was just ready to admit defeat when the water came through with a gush.

Folks down in that area complained that they wouldn't have enough water pressure. After it blew out a few hot water tanks, they had to use pressure reducers. They admitted they guessed they had sufficient pressure.

I recently came upon an old water use receipt dated 1948 which stated that new rates for stockholders would be \$15.00 per year. I believe non-stockholders were charged \$2.50 per month. Notice was also given that the line needed major surgery after twenty years of service during which we have enjoyed very low water rates.

Water board meetings were sometimes held at the Bjorg home in the evenings. Mrs. Bjorg had a fantastic collection of clocks, large and small. A brief recess was taken on the hour while the chimes rang out from all over the house. Fortunately, the clocks were kept on time which made the recess quite brief.

Following the meetings, Mrs. Bjorg was just as generous with her refreshments as she was with her clocks. Not content with cake and coffee, she brought forth a smorgasboard that included everything - a couple kinds of cake, cookies, sandwiches, smoked salmon, olives, pickles, etc. No one suffered from hunger at that house.

Walter Bagley, after retiring, served in more recent years as maintenance man. I bring this up to indicate an incident which showed his devotion to his job. A ranging southwest storm descended on us. In addition to the downpour, the heavy snowfall on Wickiup ridge was melting, which put the streams over their banks. Fearing that the

little dam on Mill Creek might wash out, he started out at midnight with a lantern and pike-pole to do something about it. He went alone, braving the falling limbs for over a mile by lantern light and spent the rest of the night with pikepole, pushing logs and debris over the spillway so that they wouldn't collect behind the dam and take it out.



Dad digging turnips in the snow-1911.



Roaming the fields in Grace Lawson's little wicker buggy-1912.

CHAPTER 10

WILDLIFE

China Pheasants (Ringneck Pheasants) were first brought into the Knappa area in about 1916. Mr. Jones, who operated the Knappa Hotel, ordered a crate of these birds from the State Game Farm and they were released in lower Knappa. We never saw any of these on our farm.

The following year Dad sent and got two crates of China Pheasants, which were released in our lower hay field. During the years that followed, these pheasants became quite plentiful and hunters enjoyed some good hunting seasons.

The type of farming we carried on at that time, at least on our farm, contributed to the success. We grew field corn and rutabagas for the cattle and oats for the horses. There were plenty of fern patches, blackberry fence rows, scotchbroom and other waste areas for cover.

One big problem occurred at hay cutting time. Nests were occasionally destroyed as well as the setting birds.

Today, the Chinese Pheasant is extremely scarce due to many additional factors. We have had a change in farm practices, less farms, less suitable habitat, wet weather at nesting time, more homes, more people and additional predators, including humans and coyotes.

Birds, which were once plentiful, are seldom seen any more. This group includes the meadow lark, blue bird, sapsucker, night hawk and others. I especially miss the night hawk. When we were youngsters, we would lay out in the yard in the summer evening and watch them flit around at considerable height and hear their call. Then

suddenly one would fold its wings and fall out of the sky. After falling a few hundred feet, it would suddenly put on the brakes, which caused its wings to make a loud, swooping noise. It would then fly up to great height again.

One bird which has shown great increase in recent years is the evening grossbeak. These are often seen in flocks, which occasionally number up to 100 birds. It is a pleasant sight to see them in late winter when they feed on the maple seeds on the ground and on the roof of buildings.

One bird, now plentiful, which was unknown in early times, is the starling. This is one we could do without.

Deer

Deer were extremely scarce around our farm. I saw my first deer when I was about ten years old. On a sunny spring day, I was sitting on a little stump in a small cutover woodlot, half asleep, with a BB gun across my lap. I had heard some hounds baying up in the hills earlier in the day. I had assumed the hounds belonged to an Astoria barber who was known to use them at times for illegal purposes. Suddenly, our cows, which had been pasturing in the general area, started bawling and stampeding through the woods in my direction. This brought me to attention. Suddenly, a big doe, froth dripping from its mouth, came bounding along a trail and passed in front of me - not twenty feet away. I experienced a first class case of "buck fever." After the deer passed from sight, I finally thawed out and I ran through the woods in the direction it had taken, yelling like a maniac. Now, it's hard to believe that I had to wait until I was about ten years old to see that first deer.

That one episode pretty well cleaned my system of buck fever. The sight of a deer never affected me that way again.

Apparently, the hounds had started the deer from the hills down into the lowlands. The cows were just as surprised as I was and undoubtedly were seeing their first deer, also.

A few years later, deer started showing up in our fields. In the 1930's and 1940's, we would often see herds, some with as high as fifteen animals.

One year I grew an acre of stock carrots for the cows. The deer descended on that patch of ground and fed on the weeds but avoided the carrots. They were most welcome. When the weeds were all gone and only a few carrots left, they found that the carrots were edible. They ate the tops of the carrots down flush with the top of the ground and I had to dig them with a mattock.

Another year I had a corn field down below the barn. During deer season I saw a sizeable herd of deer feeding in a field beside the corn, one late afternoon. I was also quite a distance from my rifle in the house. I got the bright idea that I would crawl through the corn and peek out. If there was a legal buck in the herd, I would sneak back out of there and get my rifle. When I got out to the edge of the corn, I peeked out and found myself looking at a big four point buck! He was about 100 feet away and staring me right in the eye. I eased back out of there and ran for my rifle. When I returned there weren't any deer of any kind left in the field.

It seemed rather strange that the deer would not enter the corn fields. During the years that I grew acres of corn for the cattle, the deer fed all around the edge of the corn fields but I never found a single track in amongst the tall corn.

I'll always remember my first deer hunt. Dad had an old slide action Colt '38 caliber rifle. The front sight was rather loose and seemed to be hinged in the middle. It tilted up and down, which somewhat affected the gun's accuracy but this was no big problem when used as it usually was - to shoot a cow at butchering time with the

victim about ten feet away. This rifle also had a few other deficiencies. The barrel had never been cleaned, at least not for many years. Although it was a slide action repeater, the empty shell would not eject at times and it was necessary to have a pocket knife handy to pry it out of the barrel. This was the rifle I carried on my first deer hunt.

The moment I walked out of the door, I was greeted by one of the best friends I ever had. He would gladly accompany me. Deer had not yet started coming down into our fields so we were both greenhorns. This friend was half setter and half collie. He liked to hunt pheasants or ducks and would stay at my heels while I was sneaking up on birds but as soon as the first shot was fired, he would bolt out to find whatever I hit or missed. In this case, I took him with me for moral support. I also put a leash in my pocket for future use.

We walked a mile or two to get up into deer country. Then I put the leash on Jerry and threaded the other end through a buttonhole on the side of my bib overalls by my right hip and tied it. About the time I started seeing tracks, a heavy shower hit us and we huddled under a spruce tree until it was over. I took a few steps and, to my surprise, I saw a spike buck standing facing me in a little thicket about 75 feet away. I didn't know if the front sight was tilted up or down but I got the deer, even though the shot was a little high. At the sound of the shot, Jerry bolted and tore my pant leg clear down to the cuff of my ankle - but it held him.

I tied Jerry to a tree and started dressing out the little buck. Then I found that my little buck had a companion. Another little spike buck came out and snorted and stamped his feet. He hung around for quite a while. Spike bucks were legal then and we were allowed two bucks.

Mother didn't care much for deer meat. She told me when I left that she didn't want me to come dragging any old deer home. On that basis, I was

already over my quota so I ignored the second one.

There were quite a number of successful deer hunts in those good old days and quite a few misses that I will remember just as long. I will briefly mention a few of the former.

Jim Bagley, Harry Lyon, Chris Simonsen and I were hunting in upper Gnat Creek country. I got a large four point that tried to run over me in a fern patch. After dressing it out, some of us thought we should cut it in half as we had a two or three mile hike down an old railroad grade to the highway. Chris insisted we should pack it out whole. He had been married only about a month and was hardly over his honeymoon, perhaps. If he still had all that surplus strength, who were we to argue? The day was warm and we soon had worked up a sweat. We took it in relays, with each of us carrying it about 100 yards in each shift. No wonder we were bushed when we finally got out to the highway. The deer dressed out at 185 pounds.

The largest blacktail I ever got was up in Camp Ten (Knob Point) country. The four point antlers were not exceptionally large but they were quite freakish. They were flat instead of round. It dressed out 213 pounds. No problem packing that one out. My uncle and I were camped over by the beaver ponds and he had a pack horse.

Now comes the most foolish hunt I ever made! I walked from home, up the county road, then up Big Creek logging railroad to Camp Ten (Knob Point) country. A forest fire had burned that cutover country about a month earlier and ashes were two or three inches deep. There were numerous deer tracks in the ashes. One set of tracks especially interested me. The fresh tracks of a very large deer led me across the burned area. I hoped I might catch up with it when I got out of the burn. This took me over a cliff where I looked down into Gnat Creek Falls. I turned back and finally hit green timber at the headwaters of Rock Creek. I followed this down to Highway 30

and then walked another three or four miles back home.

This little jaunt must have covered about 20 miles. If I had caught up with that buck I was following, no doubt I would have shot it - if given the opportunity. Then I would try to figure out how I was to get it out to the nearest road, which at that time was several miles away. Furthermore, no one knew where I was hunting. If I had broken a leg in the back country, I might have missed a meal or two before I crawled out. Since none of these things did happen, I would have to rate it as the most successful stupid hunt I ever made!

I did get my buck two or three seasons when the deer were plentiful in our fields but that was rather dull sport compared to hiking around the mountains looking for them.

We seem to have a different breed of deer today. They have become accustomed to human beings and seem to thrive in civilization. Instead of feeding in the fields, they invade our lawns, gardens, raspberry and strawberry patches and orchards. This year it became necessary to fence our garden. Fortunately, rhododendrons do not seem to be on their preferred list, although this past year I did find three of them strolling around in my lath house one morning.

Perhaps one reason for this change in habit is due to the fact that they have found food to their liking and are usually unmolested. Also, as each generation is brought up in this environment, they become more and more adjusted to it.

Bucks can be seen during the summer months but they always seem to disappear just before season starts. It is unfortunate that our weather man can't forecast the weather as accurately as the bucks can predict the opening of deer season.

Bears

Dad rented the old Twilight farm from Albert Newberg, the new owner. We pastured young stock on this farm. The lower end of Hall Creek passed through this property. Hillcrest Trailer Court is now located on the south field. Bears discovered an old apple orchard on this farm and in the fall they descended on it in great numbers. They were also attracted by spawning salmon in lower Hall Creek.

The orchard showed much bear sign. Trees were scratched up, limbs broken off and the ground was littered with piles of chunk style "applesauce." Bear trails led back into timbered hills from this orchard. It was on one of these trails that I started out on my first bear hunt with my dog, Jerry. I carried Dad's old 38 caliber Colt rifle with the front sight that rocked up and down. I also carried my pocket knife to pry out the empty shell in case it didn't eject. The trail we followed led us up into the same country where I had gotten my first deer the previous year. This time Jerry was not on a leash.

We had no luck up in that country so we gave up bear hunting for that day and returned to lower country. We were following down Hall Creek, not too far from the old orchard when Jerry treed a grouse, as he had often done before. He was in a thicket. Grouse season was open so I decided to try for a head shot. If the gun shot high, it would be a miss. If it shot low, at least I'd have the wings and legs to take home. I eased into the thicket but I couldn't locate the ruffed grouse. When I got to the base of the big hemlock, a terrific commotion took place over my head. Jerry went streaking past me with his hair on end. I was right behind him with my hair in similar fashion!

When I got out into open country, I looked up at that large hemlock. A big bear was looking down at me from its perch on a large limb about 30 feet above the ground. Another large limb was about 10 feet below the bear. I realized that

the racket had been caused by the bear climbing up the tree from the lower limb where he had been perched when I walked under the tree.

Now I had a problem - after I had calmed down a bit. Should I try a shot with a rifle I didn't trust or should I sneak home and say nothing? I had started my bear hunt with a rifle I didn't trust but I really hadn't expected to find a bear. I knew I didn't want a crippled bear. I finally decided to try a headshot. If I shot high, I'd miss the bear. If I shot low, I might make a neck shot and - if I hit where I intended, I would be in good shape. I finally touched off a shot. The bear came tumbling down and landed in some tall ferns. Jerry and I took off for home on the run. I had no desire to walk into those ferns at the moment.

By going cross country, home was about a mile away and that's the route we took - mostly on the run. As we came up behind the barn, I noticed Dad coming toward the barn from the house. When he got almost to the barn, I strolled out nonchalantly to inform him of my success as unconcerned as possible. He took one look at me and said "What the devil's wrong with you?" I don't know what gave me away unless it was possibly that my face was red as a beet from completing my one mile sprint in 4:05!

Later, after things had sort of calmed down, I went back with the gun, a skinning knife and a couple of sacks for the hide and some bear fat. The fat, when rendered, makes good shoe grease. Some folks use it for grease in which to fry doughnuts. I'll pass on that one.

I found a very dead bear. I had scored a bull's-eye! I also found that the bear had been bedded down under some logs at the base of the large hemlock. Jerry apparently had caught it by surprise and it had made its escape up the tree. This time the grouse he had treed was larger than I had expected. Another thing that surprised me was that the bear had bedded down so close to civilization. The Knight family's house was less than 100 yards away.

That was my last hunt with the gun I didn't trust. I put a considerable strain on my finances when I bought a 30 caliber Remington pump rifle. It served me well for many years and it was my all-time favorite gun.

I trapped three or four bears. In some instances neighbors, who liked bear meat, got the carcasses. However, I soon lost interest in this. Only one bear offered any challenge. That particular bear could consistently get the bait without springing the trap. In frustration, I moved the trap out in the open about six feet from the bait. The following day I caught the bear. It had been in a trap before. It had only three feet.

Chris Simonsen and I were deer hunting in lower Gnat Creek country on a very warm fall day. We were so thirsty we could hardly spit when, fortunately, we came to a clear, little stream. The game trail led down through a thicket of salmon-berry bushes, where it crossed the stream. However, on one side a bushy little spruce tree grew, with its limbs sweeping down almost to the water. By laying on my stomach, I was able to crawl beneath those low limbs and get my face down to the water. A short, charred log partially dammed up the little stream at this point. Just as my face was descending to the water beside the log, I suddenly noticed that the black log was actually the bloated belly of a dead bear laying on its back in the stream. Perhaps some hunter had crippled it earlier in the season and this was where it had come to die.

I laid there for a while to let Chris think I was enjoying a good, long drink. When I backed out, I told him what a relief that was. I watched him crawl beneath those low hanging boughs. He was a lot more observing than I had been. He hadn't even stopped going forward when I saw him shudder and he was clawing his way back out of there. I told him, "Boy, you sure drink fast." We had a few laughs and were on our way again. We crossed other small streams but no way could we bring ourselves to stoop down and quench our thirst. We called it a day and headed back to the highway and our pickup.

Joe and John Sarkie found an old orchard where bears were feeding at night. The orchard was enclosed by a woven wire fence. They found a place at one end where the bears were entering and leaving by crawling under the fence. One bright, moonlight night, Joe and John decided to go bear hunting. John waited by the hole under the fence while Joe advanced from the other end of the orchard and pushed the bears toward John. Everything worked according to plan. John heard them huffing and puffing as they came. He heard them pass and the creaking of the fence as they scrambled beneath it. They had blended so well with the shadows from the apple trees that he hadn't seen a single bear. He admitted that a situation like that makes a fellow's hair stand on end.

I once had a similar experience, more or less. Bears were coming into an old orchard in our back pasture. On a bright, moonlight night, I also decided to do a little bear hunting. My hunt lasted only about five minutes. I saw so many shadows, actual and imagined, that I chickened out and headed back to the house.

Then there was the Brownsmead man who made his night bear hunt pay off. Bears were coming into his father-in-law's orchard in the Aldrich Point area. Accompanied by his father-in-law, he waited by the orchard on a moonlight night. He saw, he shot, and he connected. He killed his father-in-law's black horse.

Mr. Markeley must have hunted bears in a big way. He was noted for sawing away on his fiddle at square dances and for hunting bears. He lived by the intersection of Bradwood road and old Highway 30.

An article in the Astoria newspaper in 1936 quoted Bill as saying he was hanging up his rifle. At the age of 75 years, he had just killed his 100th bear between 1918 and 1936, within 10 miles of Knappa.

I know Mr. Markeley liked his bear meat, I have

seen some of his bear trap sets and I have no reason to doubt his figures. I must admit, however, that I don't know how skillful he was at bookkeeping when he got up into such high numbers.

Elk

I know nothing of elk in the Knappa area in my early days, although there must have been a few in the mountains. Certainly, they were not coming down into the farmlands. After timber was cut from the surrounding hills, an uncontrolled forest fire often burned these same areas as well as some timber and logging equipment. The opening up of what had once been dense timber land and the following growth of plants and young trees furnished the elk with a plentiful supply of food. Surrounding stands of yet uncut timber were still available for shelter. Roads into these areas were very scarce except logging railroads which were not open and suitable for private vehicle travel. Elk really thrived.

The State Game Commission had a complete closed season for elk for many years. In the late 1930's an open season was finally allowed in the month of August. A special tag allowed one antlered bull with three or more points, as I recall. Check-out stations were set up and all game had to be checked out. Our check-out station was in Astoria.

Jim Bagley, Chris Simonsen, Harry Lyon and I set forth into the hills the afternoon before season with supplies for an overnight campout that first year. We headed for green timber at the headwaters of Rock Creek. Just before dusk, while following a game trail, we came onto a small herd of bull elk in the timber, some of which were bedded down. We ducked down and retraced our steps a few hundred yards to a small stream, where we had a cold camp that night.

At break of day, we returned to get our elk. They had disappeared. All that remained where

the elk had been was a lone stump. Then to our surprise, the stump took off through the timber. We followed the running herd south, away from our port of entry, which also meant that every step we took heading south also meant one extra step packing it out.

We finally caught up with the herd, still in green timber, just before it opened up into cut-over land in the Big Creek Camp 10 country. We got two large bulls and later we were glad we didn't get more. We dressed out the elk, skinned and quartered them and then hung them up in the shade. Later in the afternoon I hiked out to get reinforcements for the big packout the following day. Jim, Chris and Harry spent another night in the woods to guard the elk.

I rounded up the Bagley clan senior members, Walter and Louie, and junior members, Vernon and Francis. This gave us eight packers for the long hike. Walter made up the packs, which were considerably on the heavy side. The hind quarters came out whole. The hind quarter that I carried later weighed out at 139 pounds. Although we followed somewhat of a game trail, there were lots of logs to crawl over and around. The first hundred yards was the easiest. After that it became quite an ordeal with numerous rest periods. During one of these rests, Vernon lost his balance and fell over backwards. The meat that was strapped to his back weighed about as much as he did. He was looking up at the sky, pinned down from behind. I doubt if he ever could have escaped if he had been alone, unless he had a knife in his pocket with which to cut the straps around his shoulders.

Eventually, we started carrying the packs in relays. This gave us a little time to rest up as we returned empty to pick up another load. I might interject here that the meat was in sacks and didn't pick up all the dirt along the way.

Finally, we reached an old logging skid road and the walking was easier but the loads no lighter. The sun was out and there was plenty of sweat.

Harry Lyon never hunted elk again, to my knowledge. One ordeal such as that would last him a lifetime.

One other event to remember occurred when Wesley Batterson and I were hunting elk in the upper Gnat Creek country, north of Nicolai Mt. It was afternoon of opening day. We had seen trails of running elk which had been chased down off Nicolai in the morning. We were passing through some good elk hunting country with little fern patches, clumps of salmon berry and vine maple with here and there a bushy little fir tree. I was following an old game trail, with Wes several paces behind. I had just passed a bushy fir beside the trail when Wes called out "What have we got here, boy?" He was looking down at the rump of an elk protruding slightly from beneath the low branches of the tree I had just passed. My pant leg must have brushed against it as I passed.

I lifted the branches and looked down on what appeared to me to be a dead cow elk. She was laying upright with her head back against her side, eyes closed and chin on the ground. We started talking about what could have happened to her. I was of the opinion that she had been crippled during the shooting in the morning and had come here to die. About that time, when I was preparing to nudge her on the rump with the toe of my shoe, I saw an eyelid flicker slightly. Then her eyes shot open, her head came up and she was gone. We ran around the tree to watch her go but all we saw was the tops of the tall salmon berry bushes waving back and forth.

All I can figure was that she was quite exhausted from a lot of running that morning and had crawled under that little tree and had gone to sleep. If that had been the finest trophy bull in the woods, he would have gotten away from us without a shot being fired.

There were several successful elk hunts and they were all the "pack them out on your back" kinds. None were any more strenuous than that first hunt.

The shortest pack was about 100 yards which was strictly accidental. We had followed elk back in the timber a couple of miles before I shot one. While dressing it out, we heard a pickup pass along a road nearby that I didn't know existed.

Today, with the logging truck roads everywhere and the four-wheel drives, backpacking has become pretty much a lost art. Now, there seems to be some special prestige involved if you can bring them out whole. I'll admit this is the logical way to do it in many cases when there is another road every few hundred yards and much of the hunting is done from pickups roaming the roads. It is unfortunate that the young hunters today can't enjoy some memories of the good old days when we walked in and packed out. What special memories will they have in 40 years from now of the one they got yesterday when they shot it from the logging road, rolled it into the back of the pickup and hauled it home?

John Adair Sr. (my uncle) and I had been deer hunting out in open country and were passing through some green timber at the headwaters of Rock Creek where the four of us had opened the season on elk several years earlier. We heard an awful commotion approaching us through the timber. John and I stepped behind a large tree, not knowing what to expect. Soon elk came charging past us in numbers that were unbelievable. Only two were large bulls - one a five-point and the other only a forked horn but his antlers were as high and as heavy as the five-point. It appeared that about half the herd was made up of young bulls with branched antlers similar to those of mule deer. I had been moaning earlier that after several years of elk seasons, bull elk would probably be pretty scarce that year. And then to see a herd like this!

What had spooked the herd? Was it another hunter? And there I stood with a little camera around my neck and never took one picture.

Suddenly, we heard the roar coming back again in our direction. That time I had the little camera ready and waited for the big bull. I got a

picture of him, alright, but because of his speed, the picture appears blurred. Another mystery is, what caused the herd to turn back again?

This time the herd saw us and broke up in several directions. One small herd of bulls took a dead end street up into a patch of blowdown. I was able to approach close enough to get some pretty fair pictures of these - considering the camera. We tried to count the mass of moving bodies and, as near as we could tell, there were about 200. The scattered herds apparently never got together again because I never heard of anyone seeing one large herd during hunting season.

This brings to mind the problem a Nehalem Valley rancher had. Mr. Briggs had quite a sizable herd of cattle. He had never been to school and couldn't read or write. However, he could handle figures to a point. When he was asked how many head of cattle he owned, he said that he had seven and a lot more. In our case, it would be safe to say we saw 100 and a lot more.

I heard later that a local deer hunter saw a herd of elk on Nicolai a week earlier that numbered over 180. Perhaps this was the same herd.

Now for a few experiences when I was unarmed.

It was early May when I decided to take my fishing pole and see if I could catch any trout in Manary Creek in upper Gnat Creek country. I took Bimbo, my springer spaniel, with me. I wasn't having much luck as I continued up the stream to the Shingle Mill Road. I had seen a few likely looking holes in the headwaters of Hunt Creek when I had been over in that country deer hunting the year before. I thought I would go cross country and give these a try. The cross country land had been logged a few years before and had burnt over. The timber had been small and only low stumps remained. Grass and weeds had taken over and it looked like a meadow.

Bimbo was trotting ahead of me when we came up

over a little rise of ground. A cow elk was feeding about 100 feet ahead of us with her rump toward us. Bimbo trotted up behind her and stood watching her. The elk spotted him, whirled, and came charging at him with the hair on her neck standing on end. Her head was stuck out low in front of her with her chin only about two feet off the ground. Bimbo, naturally, came back to me with the elk right on his heels. I looked everywhere for a decent stump but the best in my area was about two feet high. I jumped on this, waving my fishing pole, and did considerable shouting. The elk slid to a stop about 25 feet away, still watching the dog which was trying to hide behind the stump I was standing on. The elk's jaws were continually chomping together. Soon froth was dripping from her mouth.

She turned and started walking away for some distance, then changed her mind and came charging back again. My pole waving and frantic yells brought her to a screeching halt again. Her jaws went into action again and more froth dripped to the ground. A third time the retreat and then the charge was repeated before she finally left. Undoubtedly, she had a calf nearby.

After all this excitement, I had little desire left for fishing. However, since I was now this close to my destination, I might as well go ahead and try a few holes. I walked down to the stream and the first thing I saw was bear droppings and a bear bed up alongside of a log under a big spruce tree. Boy, all we needed now was maybe an old bear with cubs!

I cleared out of there and headed for home.

Three days after that elk experience, I took my little grandson, Rea, age 4, on a little easy jaunt on Mill Creek to see if we could catch a trout. This time Bimbo stayed home and we took Rea's little fox terrier, Vicki.

We had hardly gotten started up the stream when I heard Vicki yipping at a rabbit on the little ridge above us. I looked up and, through a

little opening, saw Vicki coming down a game trail with a cow elk right on her tail. There were plenty of young fir trees all around us but nothing I could get little Rea up into.

Vicki and the elk would appear again on the game trail where it came around the base of a large stump, just a short distance away. I was ready by the stump and, just after Vicki passed me, I jumped high in the trail and let a screech out of me. My timing was perfect. The elk's head appeared from around the back of the stump, about ten feet away, while I was in mid-air. The shocked animal was taken completely by surprise. She jumped down over the bank and took off.

Rea was whimpering, "Grandpa, I don't like them to come that close to me." Grandpa, right there, decided he would never again take a dog into elk country during calving season.



Knappa Dist. #4 School-about 1912

CHAPTER 11

BARK

Peeling cascara bark was one thing that most kids did at least sometime in their lives. While the price of the dried bark was never high, it was a source of a little spending money. It seemed to be the policy of the young folks to peel the cascara trees wherever they found them - whether on their own property or on someone elses. If it happened to be far back in the hills, you earned every dime you got. Green cascara, packed tight in a gunny sack, can get mighty heavy when you have to pack it a mile or two out to civilization.

Joe Baron was the only resident I knew who peeled on a commercial basis. He said it was a lot of hard work but in one season he sold enough bark to buy all the materials he needed for his new home in the upper Stringtown area.

I was involved in a few rather humorous incidents concerning youths trespassing and peeling bark on our property. One morning I was heading for a little field on our back forty where the team of horses was pasturing when suddenly the brush came alive. I thought I had jumped a herd of deer. Then I saw fast moving legs beneath the low hanging branches and I realized they were human legs. I ran to intercept them but was too late. As I entered the brush, I immediately saw the reason for all the commotion. Three large cascara trees had been peeled and the bark and sacks were laying on the ground. I rushed over and leaned against a large maple tree from where I should be able to see the fleeing culprits cross an opening at a considerable distance. Before long I saw a neighbor lad of about 16 years saunter across the opening. Where was his companion? As I turned to leave, I chanced to look

down and there at the foot of the tree I was leaning against, sat his six year old brother. His body was flattened up against the base of the tree and from his upturned face appeared a couple of eyes as big as dollars. It was apparent that he expected old Simon Legree to pounce on him at any minute.

I asked him, "Were you peeling bark?" He whispered, "Yes." I said, "You won't do it again, will you?" Another whisper, "No." I said, "O.K., you can go now."

He struggled to his feet and took several slow steps, never taking his eyes off me as though he still expected me to pounce on him at any moment. Then, "zip," and he was gone in a cloud of dust.

I put the bark in the sacks and hauled it home. This six year old boy is now a grown man and we laugh about the incident. In fact, I laughed about it at the time - but he didn't.

On another occasion I was mowing hay on a lower field, which is quite hilly in places. At no time could I see the entire field from any one location. I had just started mowing and had made several trips around the field, traveling clockwise around the field. As I topped a ridge and looked down on the flat below me, I saw two lads about 100 yards away, kneeling in the uncut hay and facing away from me. I was looking down on the back of their necks. Immediately, I lowered my gaze and pretended to be watching the sickle bar but out of the corner of my eye I watched them. Suddenly, they realized their mistake and pitched headfirst into the grass, out of sight. Obviously, they had been hiding in the grass, watching me mow around them and had expected me to approach from the same direction I had for the first several rounds. When I reversed direction on the backswath without them knowing it, I approached from their blind side and the echo of the machine hid this change until too late. I had no idea what was going on.

I continued mowing until I was opposite their

position in the grass, then made a 90 degree turn and started cross country, with the sickle bar chattering, in their direction. This immediately flushed them to their feet. They had gunny sacks under their arms and I recognized them as brothers from the Stringtown area who were noted for their bark peeling activities. They admitted they were bark peeling and agreed to leave when I asked them to do so.

I'll never know why those lads hid in the grass to watch me mow when they could have seen just as well from the brush 100 feet away. However, it adds to my collection of humorous memories.



Country road in winter looking north towards river from our driveway.

CHAPTER 12

ATHLETICS

Athletics always meant a lot to me. Especially after I advanced to the town team age. I had always looked forward to the time when I might be playing and it was just as interesting and exciting as I had anticipated.

Baseball still had the support of the community with many enthusiastic fans for our Sunday afternoon games. I played any infield position and did some relief pitching, but not by choice. I had a fast ball but no decent curve ball.

I recall one game when I was pitching to the Warrenton first baseman. Mr. Crowley, my former high school coach, superintendent, and principal, was one of the rabid fans at this game. I always liked this big jolly fellow who was now retired and past his prime. Apparently, Mr. Crowley was talking a little too much to suit the batter. When I struck him out, he strode back to the surprised Mr. Crowley and attempted to throw a punch. Mr. Crowley blocked it and the next thing we knew they were rolling around on the ground like a couple of cub bears. Spectators pulled them apart.

I really got a kick out of Mr. Crowley. Not a punch had landed, yet you would think he had just won a world championship. He was cavorting around - one moment stamping his feet, fists high in the air, head back, and whooping at the top of his voice. The next he was bent over doing an Indian war dance, clapping his hands, and laughing up a storm.

In the meantime, the batter, being the third out, was sulking over by his position at first base.

Bob Takalo had his jeans cut off about half way

between his ankles and his knees. His unbuttoned shirt exposed his bare chest. This was his usual attire. On this particular day, in addition to being in a very happy mood, he was also barefooted. While the game was in progress, he went around behind the backstop, hooked his bare toes and fingers in the chicken wire and climbed halfway to the top. The game was held up until he could be coaxed down.

I never made any complaint about an umpire's decision, although I didn't always agree with it. There was one exception, however, which had me a little hot under the collar. Mr. Bollman, a Svensen store keeper, was base umpire. We were playing an Astoria team. The Astoria catcher threw down to the first baseman in an attempt to pick me off but I was back to the bag in plenty of time. The first baseman made it even easier when he muffed the catch. He trotted over, retrieved the ball, and came back and tagged me where I was standing on the bag. Then, just goofing off, he ran over to Mr. Bollman, a few feet away, waved his mitt in his face and asked, "What do you call it, Ump? What do you call it?" The confused and startled umpire bellowed, "He's out!" Then the equally startled first baseman, with hand poised in mid-air to toss the ball back to the pitcher, turned to the umpire. "What did you say?" Bollman repeated, "He's out." With a big grin on his face, the first baseman tossed the ball back to the pitcher.

There was no grin on my face nor on the faces of any of my team mates or the local fans. After quite a rhubarb, I finally had to go back to the bench. After all, it was one of our home umpires who made the goof. As I later thought about it, I am sure the umpire was so surprised and confused that he blurted out the first thing that came to mind and refused to change it.

When the Astoria team went in to bat, a big roar went up from their bench. The players were laughing and slapping the first baseman on the back. It wasn't hard to guess who the goat of all their merriment was.

Mr. Bollman never umpired again - never even showed up at a game.

There were many seasons and a total of many games when you multiply each season by ten or twelve. However, the one season that really stands out in my memory was the one when we took the league championship. Ole Dybvik was manager that year and several other years. We all liked and respected him. Oliver Dunsmoor was one of the best umpires in the league. He was firm and fair.

The team was as follows:

Pitcher	- Earl Peterson
Catcher	- Paul Peterson
First Base	- Willard Jones
Second Base	- Leslie Taylor
Third Base	- Jim Elliott
Shortstop	- Frank White
Right Field	- Al Barendse
Center Field	- Jim Conroy
Left Field	- Al Johnson
Alternates	- Ernie Barendse
	Tony Vlastelecia

Very briefly, I'll mention a little about each of the starting nine.

Earl and Paul were a brother combination. Earl, the younger, had a good curve and good control. Paul was a smart catcher and a good hitter.

Willard was a tall kid, just out of a Portland high school, who was spending the summer with his brother, Bob - owner of most of Tenas Illahee Island. He went on to play varsity basketball for U. of O.

Leslie was a good little steady player.

Elliott was having his best year at bat and on the bases.

Frank was a good player in all departments and also the most experienced. If he had a weakness, it would have to be failure to observe training

rules on Saturday nights.

Al Barendse was a steady player who believed in placing his bat instead of killing the ball - like some of the rest of us. Many times when I came to bat with men on base, Al would tell me to just meet the ball, don't try to kill it. Coaching over at third base, Manager Dybvik was shouting, "Rattle the boards, kid, rattle the boards!" I was having such good luck with a hefty swing, I hesitated to use Al's method. Also, if I didn't hit the ball where I wanted it, at least it might be a harder ball to field.

Conroy could always do O.K. in the field. This year his hitting came up to par, also.

Al Johnson was a good hitter, even though he stepped back away from the ball instead of in to meet it. He did O.K. in the field also. One place where he played it very, very safe was on the bases. I swear that he thought it was dishonest to steal a base!

We were in the last half of the last inning with the score tied and one down. Al was on third and a man was on first, with Earl Peterson at bat. Ole was coaching at third. Then the play came that caught the opponents, as well as most of our team, by complete surprise. Without us noticing it, Ole gave Earl the bunt signal and somehow pried Al off third. With the pitch, he came charging down toward home and scored when Earl laid down a perfect bunt. The game was over. While the rest of us were rejoicing, Al was running around complaining. Stupidest play he ever heard of! He would have been a dead duck if Earl had missed his bunt attempt!

It wasn't very long after our best season that town team baseball faded away. Folks started drifting away on Sundays for entertainment elsewhere with better roads and cars. Even ball-players' wives didn't want to be tied down every weekend with old baseball games. Little League games seemed to take over soon after.

I was stepping out of my home territory a little when I played basketball for the Brownsmead town team. Al Johnson, of Knappa and Bennett Nordland of Svensen also played on that team. When traveling to Astoria for games, we rode in the Brownsmead Express truck, with benches on both sides. Our game was a fun deal, with no complicated plays. Al Fish was coach.

As in baseball, one year stands out above all others. The season ended with a big tournament in Astoria in 1932. Teams from Tillamook to Astoria to Portland were included, at least twelve altogether. The Multnomah Athletic Club of Portland won the championship. Brownsmead wasn't rated to go very far but we surprised quite a few teams.

St. Helens was our first opponent. They had some ex-college players who thought themselves pretty good. As we passed their bench on the way to the dressing room, before the game, they shouted, "Farmers, Farmers." It was on the tip of my tongue to reply, "You'll be sorry," but then I realized it would be a foolish statement if we couldn't back it up.

We surprised them, as well as ourselves, when we won about 50 to 30. We continued to win but we didn't get into the finals.

Players on our team, as I recall, were Al Barendse, Ernie Barendse, Bennett Nordland, Ben Polso, Wagner Smith, Al Johnson, John Kangas and Jim Elliott.

Al Barendse won the award for the highest individual score in a game. Another of our players was awarded the tournament's most valuable player trophy.

P.S. The surprised player didn't think he had a prayer of winning a trophy like that.

That player, you see, just happened to be me.

Must have plucked my name from a hat.

CHAPTER 13

AFTERTHOUGHTS

We have seen changes in our haying methods. First, hay was raked into windrows with a dump rake, shocked and hand pitched up onto the hay wagon. Later, the hay was raked into windrows with a side delivery rake and then pushed up onto the hay wagon or hay truck by a hay loader which straddled the windrow. Now, hay is baled directly out of the windrow and hauled in that fashion. It was during the time of the second method that my wife, Eleanore, and I set some sort of a speed record.

When using a hayloader behind a truck, it was necessary for the truck driver to go at a slow pace so that the man on the load had ample time to move the hay about and build the load. If the man on the load got a little behind in his work, the hayloader showed no mercy and the hay continued to pour at him. In this situation, it was common practice to rap on the roof of the cab with the fork, indicating the driver was to stop while the man behind got caught up.

One hay field had a rather steep hill and, although it was only a hundred feet in length, it did create somewhat of a problem at haying time. This situation was further complicated because the old hay truck had no brakes. We ran it in low gear and, if we needed a sudden stop, we simply turned off the key.

Eleanore was driving - I was on the load - as we approached the top of this hill. I rapped on the cab roof when we were about to start down the steep incline. I told her to shift into compound low and keep her foot off the gas throttle as we started down. The next thing I knew, we

were practically airborne. The hay loader was chattering while mountains of hay rolled up onto me. I grabbed my hat, sank to my knees because the ride was so rough - and because it seemed the proper position for prayer. I was soon completely submerged and pretty well pinned down when the truck finally came to a stop on level ground at the foot of the hill. Then I heard what sounded like a faint voice far in the distance, "Jim, are you all right?" Then, "Jim, where are you?"

I finally burrowed my way to the surface. Eleanore, right there, vowed she would never again drive on that hill. At the moment I was in no mood to disagree with what seemed a sensible statement.

Eleanore had shifted into compound low, alright, but then had pushed in on the clutch pedal. This had the effect of putting the old truck into free-wheeling.

The haying problem on that hill was simplified the following year; after the hay was baled, we could roll the bales to the bottom of the hill.

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After some of those earliest years, it became standard practice to send the cull cows and other cattle to Portland stockyards. At first these cattle were bought outright by a cattle dealer who in turn would take them to Portland for resale.

We were very fortunate in having a cattle dealer covering most of Clatsop County whose reputation for fairness and honesty were outstanding. Harold Tagg, of Clatsop Plains, paid what he considered to be an honest and fair price for an animal. If it brought a much higher price on the market in Portland than he had anticipated, it was not unusual for him to send a bonus check to the farmer to cover the underpayment he had made.

Mr. Tagg had more patience than any one man was entitled to. Once the animal was roped and was

anywhere near the trailer, you could turn it over to him, even if it had never been led before. He could eventually croon and "Come, Baby" it right up into the trailer without using any great force.

Mr. Tagg was in the hay baling business but he eventually quit and put his three balers up for sale. Harold, a local man, was in need of a baler. He knew Mr. Tagg was a cattle dealer but he had never had any dealings with him. He jumped to the conclusion that a cattle dealer belonged in the same category with the typical horse trader that we used to read about. Mr. Tagg explained to him that two of the balers were in good shape but the third one had always been somewhat of a headache. Harold told me, "I figured the old coot was trying to pull a fast one on me so I tried to outsmart him. I took the one that he claimed was a lemon. You know, he was telling me the truth all the time." Harold had nothing but grief with the baler that summer.

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Mr. deJong was an early day farmer in Brownsmead. One day when he stopped in for a brief visit, he noticed that I had a lone tame goose running the barnyard. He inquired if it was a female or a gander. I told him it was a female.

He then told me his experience poisoning crows in his corn field. He said, "I got one crow," and he held up one finger. "I got one goose," again holding up one finger. He then said, "I lost my female but I still have a gander. Now if the two birds got together, we'd have a pair. Either you give me your female or I'll give you my gander." It sounded like a pretty good idea and I had visions of owning a pair of geese. I waited, and he waited - and the geese never did get together.

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Wood cutting was a major operation because all the home heating and cooking depended on wood fires. In spring we would fall, buck, and split the trees and stack on end in piles for drying. The wood sticks were in various lengths from four to eight feet, depending on how easily or hard the log split. In late summer or fall, we would hitch the team to the wagon with a wood rack on it and haul and stack the wood by the woodshed.

We had a heavy 4 h.p. gasoline engine mounted on sled runners. The team really had to get down and scratch to move it. This was dragged up by the woodshed where it was connected to a circular buzzsaw, using a heavy duty rubberized canvas belt 6 inches wide. This belt material was about 30 feet long, but when the ends were laced together with leather thongs, the loop caused the saw to be located about 14 feet from the engine pulley.

Dad and I were starting to saw a chunk off the end of a six foot timber when the leather thong in the belt either wore out or broke. One end of the belt, with some lacing material still in it, got fouled up on the buzzsaw pulley while the other end fell free. The heavy flywheel on the buzzsaw kept the pulley revolving at top speed for some time. With every revolution, the belt wrapped around the pulley and became shorter and shorter.

In the meantime, the loose end was flying all over the place like a giant snake. One moment it was slapping the side of the woodshed wall and the next it was kicking up saw dust off the ground. It caught hold of the six-foot timber we were working on and threw that through the air like a kindling stick. Dad and I were dodging and ducking every which way. When the belt wound down to about eight feet long and had lost some speed, it came down over Dad's shoulder and cracked-the-whip right on the seat of his pants. That really shook the dust out of his pants. He clutched his seat and did a war dance around there. It looked like his mouth was open but

his teeth were still clenched together and there was a hissing noise coming out between them.

As the action came to a stop, I ran to shut off the engine which was putt-putting merrily along with no load on it.

When I got back, Dad had calmed down considerably. Suddenly, the whole episode seemed quite funny and I couldn't help but burst out laughing. That really fired Dad up again! He said, "You darn nut, this is no laughing matter. We might both have been killed." Well, since we weren't and had received no permanent injury, it just seemed to me to be the proper time for rejoicing.

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Margaret and I often went trout fishing on upper Big Creek. We had no car to drive at that time so we walked all the way from home. Sometimes these jaunts would take us clear up past Camp 3 to Camp 7. At times, we would meet a locomotive on the track, hauling loads of logs down to the Knappa dump. Sometimes, the logs seemed to be full tree length and would sag in the middle until they didn't have much clearance above the ties. At other times, on a sharp curve, these long logs might scrub a bank. We always climbed the bank and took no chances when we saw a train coming.

At one time, upper Pig Pen Creek was one of the finest trout streams I ever fished. At that time there were some log jams and individual logs in the streams which created good holes for fishing, as well as some unfishable places for trout to hide. The trees were not large enough to completely shade the water. The sun shone through in many places.

We were returning from a fishing trip one late afternoon when we saw a cougar - the only one I have ever seen in the wild. We were passing by an old watering tank about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile above the present fish hatchery when I heard a cracking noise

across Big Creek. Soon I saw what appeared to be a deer, walking up through the ferns. When it took a mighty leap up onto a log, I saw the long tail. We watched it move up the canyon side until it disappeared under the over-hanging rocks at the top. The crack must have been caused by the cougar jumping on a small log that wouldn't hold its weight.

Margaret, Johnny Dawson (my cousin), and I were returning from a fishing trip up Big Creek when F.E. Brooks came along on a small speeder and offered us a ride. When we were tired and silly at the close of a day, a ride was always most welcome. As we rounded the last curve above the fish hatchery, we met a large speeder affair that was used for hauling supplies. Not a word was said as we all piled off before the collision. No one was hurt except for a few scratches. After the crash, our little speeder was heading back up the track with a deformed front end.

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Mr. Brooks and Charley were good friends. Mr. Brooks never drank and Charley did. Brooks told Charley if he didn't lay off the booze, he'd never get to be an old man. Charley replied, "Who the hell wants to be an old man?" and kept right on until recent years. Brooks lived until he was 90. Charley probably wishes he had listened to Brooks's advice. He is still alive and struggling along at the tender age of 83.

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I'm sure we senior citizens can all think back to some of those goodies we threw away in those early days. They would be worth a small fortune if sold to antique collectors today. In some cases, they would be nice additions to our own collections. I'll admit I did my share in the discard department years ago. Now, I've gone to the other extreme. Every nook and cranny around the place is filled with worthless junk.

Andy Johnson, of Naselle, told me of his regretful deed. At one time, elk hunting with hounds was legal in Washington. A group of hunters from Portland came down to Naselle each fall in elk season. They brought their hounds with them and made their headquarters at the farm home of Andy's parents. They made it a practice to store their rifles, from one season to the next, in a room at the farm.

Hunting with hounds was later outlawed. This ended the hunting by the Portland group but they never did return for their rifles. As Andy grew up, he got tired of seeing those old rifles cluttering up the place so he gathered up all of them and dumped them in the river.

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I was a little late getting to the breakfast table one morning. Dad had already finished his mush. Mother occasionally cooked a few raisins or little dried currants in the mush. This particular morning the currants seemed a little smaller than normal. When I got to probing around, I found that they were mouse droppings. The cooking or steaming process had swelled them out until they almost looked edible. My discovery didn't set well with Dad because he had already swallowed his contaminated mush. Mother went to the pantry cupboard where she kept the rolled oats. She found a mouse hole in the back wall. The woodshed was on the back side of the cupboard and wood was stacked up against it. The mouse had a perfect launching pad from which to mount an attack on the back wall.

Dad's eyes blazed and he never finished his breakfast. He said, "By gad, I'll put a stop to it!" We heard him tearing the wood pile apart and he was soon tacking a piece of tin over the hole.

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My first day always seemed to be my lucky day, as I have mentioned, when hunting deer, bear, and elk. Another, I haven't mentioned, was mule deer hunting in the John Day country of Eastern Oregon. I shot my largest one ten minutes after leaving camp the opening morning. My uncle and I dragged it down to camp whole. It dressed out 268 lbs. I never found it to be that easy hunting again.

Now for another first time hunting trip that almost nullified all that I have previously mentioned. When I was still in high school, Joel and John Sarkie and I decided to go duck hunting. Joel and John had hunted before but I hadn't. We borrowed three little duck boats at Burnside. I wasn't any pro with the oars but I soon learned to keep my balance with my feet tucked back under the seat I was sitting on.

It was low tide. We stopped at the first small island we came to and put out a few decoys. One greenhead passed low over us and we all shot. It never even slowed up. That ended our shooting for the day.

Another hunter was in a little clump of grass, three or four hundred yards further out in the river. As the tide started coming in, ducks came to his decoys. He was no amateur with his shotgun. Occasionally, he would get three ducks at a clatter while we would sit and drool in the distance. We found out later the hunter was John Bell, a local man well known for his duck hunting ability.

As the tide rose, the wind started whipping up a little. The hunter picked up his decoys and headed in. Apparently he had his limit. This was the chance we had been waiting for. We would go out to that blind, put out our decoys, and get some of that good shooting. Before we got out there, we noticed the blind was almost submerged. The wind was increasing from the southwest. Waves were starting to kick up.

Without putting out any decoys, we turned back into the wind toward shore. That was when the storm really struck. That was also when the wood at the base of one oar lock snapped off and I was left with one usable oar.

John saw my predicament. He came alongside, tied the rope on his boat to the rope on mine and started towing me in. There were times when we didn't seem to be gaining at all. At other times the tow rope passed through the big swell ahead of me and John was completely hidden from view down the other side. Eventually, we got in the shelter by the railroad track.

If John hadn't come to my assistance, I would have been blown out into the channel. I would not have been around to do any more hunting in the future.

Some time later I decided to give duck hunting another try. I borrowed John's cranky little duck boat and went out from Knappa. While I was rowing around the lower edge of Karlson Island, I noticed a mallard flying low toward me on my left. I had Dad's old double barrel made of Damascus steel. I leaned down and cocked the gun. The duck didn't seem to be approaching fast enough so I apparently leaned over in its direction to meet it half way. The next thing I knew I was overboard out of the cranky little boat with my finger on the trigger. As I clutched everything, I heard a dull thud of the gun going off under water. My main concern was to hang onto the boat since I was a non-swimmer.

I expected the water to be over my head but, to my relief, it was only waist deep. I had dropped the gun when it went off so I scuffed around with my boot until I located the gun. When I recovered it I found that one barrel was expanded on the end. After I got home I sawed off the expanded end of the barrel. That was my barrel and a half gun afterwards but I seldom used it.

All the old orchards had quite a variety of apples. Some that are still popular are Yellow Transparent, Gravenstein, King, and Northern Spy. A few on the extinct or endangered species list are Bellflower, Glori Mundi, Ben Davis, Twenty Ounce, Wolf River, Russet, Pippin, and Red Astrachin.

Joel Sarkie said they had one variety that was not included in the above list. It was a small, hard apple that tasted pretty good once you got your teeth into it. He said that Johnny Abbott came to play with him and brother John one day. While playing in the orchard, Johnny attempted to eat one of those applies. It threw his lower jaw out of joint. He was running around there mumbling with his jaw extending an inch or two out into space. There was nothing they could do to correct the situation so Johnny headed for home on the run. He climbed the stile over the fence but in his haste he ignored the steps down the far side. He sailed out into space and hit the ground with quite a jolt. This jarred his jaw back into place and he came back and played the rest of the afternoon.

At a Jersey Club meeting one evening, the subject of a cow getting an apple stuck in its throat came up. Dr. Rankin, local veterinarian, was in attendance. Joel told of the method his father had used to solve the problem. One of the boys would hold a block of wood on one side of the throat while his father hit the other side with a sledge hammer. This crushed the apple. Dr. Rankin laughed but said he couldn't recommend that method.

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Dad had quite a number of bee hives. We extracted a lot of honey. It was shipped by train in 5 gallon cans to a confectionary supply place in Portland.

Mrs. Schulzi, who lived in upper Stringtown country, ordered a hive of bees from Dad. Dad

sealed off the front of the hive the night before she came to get them. I imagine the hive would weigh 50 or 60 pounds. Mrs. Schulzi had some braided cloth which she wrapped around and around the top of her head to make a flat spot. She set the hive on top of her head. With folded arms, she walked off up the road. Fortunately, she had to endure that balancing act for only about three miles.

Herman Ahlers was county bee inspector. He was a small man with a tobacco stained beard. He lived alone; his wife and small daughter died some years before in a tragic fire accident in their home on the Necanicum River area south of Seaside.

Mr. Ahlers arranged for a public bee inspection day to be held at our place. It was sort of an educational meeting on the different phases of bee keeping. Quite a number of bee keepers showed up with their veils and gloves. Mr. Trout came unprepared but he was reluctant to leave without seeing at least a little of the program. A large cherry tree in the orchard, about 60 feet distant, divided into two parts about four feet above the ground. Mr. Trout peeked through the crotch of this tree.

The bees seemed rather mean on this sultry day. A few bounced against the screen door of the house from whence we were peeking out. Suddenly, we realized that Mr. Trout had slipped away unnoticed. We looked down the road and chanced to see him just disappearing. He was traveling at top speed, hat in hand. One instant he would slap the side of his face with his hat and the next it would be the back of his neck. We couldn't figure what his problem was unless it was that he had some urgent unfinished business at home.

W.E. Mindes, county extension agent, hobbied in bees. He had an apiary, consisting of quite a large number of hives, up in the Gnat Creek country. After forest fires, the burned areas were a mass of fireweed a few years later. This was an excellent source of honey for the bees.

Mr. McMIndes put his bees where the fireweed was handy. His hives were handy for the bears also - which soon put him out of business in that location.

Mr. Ahlers was involved in one rather amusing incident on a Clatsop beach. Amusing, providing you were a bystander. Only two cars were on the beach, Mr. Ahlers' and the one approaching him. The two drivers seemed to get fouled up on their signals as they zig-zagged back and forth. It ended up in a head-on collision. The beach road, at that point, was only about 100 feet wide.

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Son Eddie and grandson Rea had elk permits for the Nehalem area. I went along for the hike. Opening morning we arrived at our destination while it was still quite dark. Two other cars were soon parked nearby. A little later another car parked further down the road and the lights turned off. By that time, it was still quite dusk but lighting up fast. A few moments later, we looked down the road and saw a red light going up the hill above where the last car had been parked. Eddie said it was the taillight of a car. I told him it couldn't be because there was no road there. I said it had to be someone carrying a red light.

A huge boulder was outlined against the sky on the hilltop. The light stopped in front of that boulder but continued to glow. Why didn't they turn off the light? We continued to watch the light and as the morning became brighter, the glow became more dim. Finally, when daylight came, we saw a hunter wearing a fluorescent orange jacket standing in front of that boulder.

I had an experience while elk hunting in the upper Gnat Creek country which had bugged me for years. While hunting in green timber I spotted some elk which appeared to be feeding far below me. The wind was not completely right so I backtracked and circled around to where the wind was

in my favor. I crawled up behind a large log that should put me within about 100 yards of where I last saw them. I eased my head up over the log for a peek. Instantly, not one but several heads came up at once and they were looking right at me. Then they were gone. What went wrong? I wasn't outlined against the sky. The elk were 100 yards away. The wind was in my favor. It was a dark day in the timber.

I was wearing a fluorescent orange cap but they tell us deer and elk are color blind. But still, it had to be that cap.

Now, after our experience that morning in the Nehalem country, I'm wondering if when I raised my head above the log in that dark forest, my fluorescent cap didn't show like a red flashlight.

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Mr. and Mrs. Henning lived near Knappa District #16 school. Earlier the family had lived in Stringtown. One fall Mr. Henning was picking evergreen blackberries down by Big Creek. He wore brown gloves. He was reaching up near the top of a large bush as Mr. Sieverson was approaching from the opposite side, hunting ruffed grouse. Mr. Sieverson fired at what he thought was a grouse and hit Mr. Henning's hand. Mr. Henning never did have complete use of the hand afterwards. Mr. Sieverson felt terrible about the accident. He died less than a year later but I don't know that the accident he caused hastened his death in any way.

Mr. Henning, in his older age, left home one morning saying he was going for a walk. He was never seen again. As far as I know, no trace of him has ever been found. He covered his tracks well.

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Bill Bush was a bachelor who operated a small dairy farm in the Knappa backcountry. He hauled his cream down to the depot and shipped it on the train like the rest of us. He had the first silo in Knappa for storing cattle feed. A silo seemed quite a novelty in those days.

Dad asked him how it worked out. He said it worked fine the first year when he filled it with oats run through the chopper. The following year he followed the advice of someone who told him to add salt as he filled it as that would preserve it better. When he opened it up in fall, he found he had a silo full of green manure which was worthless for cattle feed. It was still in the silo.

Quite an expense in ensilage chopper and silo material for only one years use.

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During World War I an unusual industry was in operation in Knappa for a while - the manufacture of ship knees used in ship building. The material and equipment necessary in their manufacture was not very elaborate - mainly large stumps, dynamite, axe, and crosscut saw.

The desirable stumps were large old growth fir that were cut high in the springboard and bull team logging days. There was quite a collection of these in the wooded area back of the present Knappa Fire Station. Sufficient dynamite was used to lift the stump out of the ground and divide it into several pieces.

The ship knee was somewhat triangular in outline. In shape, it resembled a man's foot. The back and bottom were sawed and hewed flat. They were then squared to a 90 degree angle where they meet. The front, or third side, is the natural contour of the stump piece which resembles the instep.

The knees were loaded on a long, flatbed wagon and hauled down to the depot where they were loaded on flatcars for shipment. The well-matched team of large black horses pulling the wagon left a lasting impression. I don't believe I have ever seen a taller or more rangey team than that one.

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To some it may be a mystery as to how trout got established in the stream above Gnat Creek Falls. Wonderful catches have been made years past in the Beaver Pond country above the falls. The late Oney Oja, of Brownsmead, can be given some credit for this. While a young man, he caught trout below the falls and transported them in a bucket of water for release in the stream above.

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This may be hard to believe. In the early 1920's, if you were to patrol the banks of lower Big Creek during steelhead season, you would find only one fisherman. He was Joe Novak, a bachelor living in a houseboat on Warren Slough. He had one favorite hole where you usually would find him on the days that he was fishing.

At the same time, sport fishing for salmon on the Lower Columbia was pretty much unheard of. Commercial fishing was going strong.

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I was introduced to the crosscut saw at an early age and we became well acquainted in later years. However it was a friendship which I never really appreciated or enjoyed. I could swing an axe all day and enjoy it, but I found using a crosscut saw to be tiring and monotonous. One problem was that we seldom seemed to have a sharp saw with proper set. Occasionally, a real saw filer worked on it, but usually Dad just "touched it

up a bit." Finally, in later years, I gave it a try, without the desired results, so I took it to a professional saw filer in Brownsmead. When I returned to pick it up a few days later, the filer asked me, "who filed that saw the last time?" I sensed a tone of anger in his voice so I had to be a little cautious in my reply. I told him that a fellow who worked on our farm had filed it. He said, "Well, if that fellow ever files it again don't bring it back here for me to work on it."

The chain saw came out soon afterwards and one great problem was solved. That was one invention which I really appreciated.

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There was a time when hoboes or tramps, as we called them, rode the trains. It wasn't unusual to have one knocking on the back door in the morning, asking for a cup of coffee and something to eat. Mother usually didn't turn one down. She would show him the axe and woodpile and tell him to get busy while she was getting the eats ready. One time she fed one first. He didn't seem to know how to use an axe on a full stomach and soon disappeared.

Occasionally, one would show up in the evening, asking for permission to sleep in the hay loft. Dad would emphasize that there be no smoking before he would give his permission. There were times when no permission was asked. He would find the big door to the hayloft partly open and a depression in the hay where the tramp had bedded down during the night.

One morning when a tramp knocked on the door, I assumed that he wanted something to eat. Instead, he was selling religion. He carried a small bible in his hand. For ten cents, I could buy a page from that bible - which he would tear out and give to me.

I didn't buy and I guess I missed the chance of a

lifetime. Not long ago some characters around Portland sent and got some mail order preacher licenses for \$50.00 each. They then feathered their nests conducting Bingo games for religious purposes - until caught. With the religion I could have purchased for ten cents, who knows, I might have developed a following and maybe today I'd be driving a Rolls Royce.

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When Union High School (now Knappa High School) was first built, it was up to the students to get to school as best they could. My sister, Margaret had no bus service her first school year, 1918-1919. She was able to ride part of the time with a neighbor girl who had a horse and buggy. Unfortunately, the girl had health problems which kept her away from school quite often.

The following year the school district invested in a flatbed Maxwell truck with hard tires. A wooden frame was built around the flatbed and wooden benches were installed on each side. This served as a school bus for two years. The bus schedule limited it to highway use with no side road trips.

When I started high school during the 1921-1922 school year, we had a new up-to-date bus in which to ride, however, it was of different design from those we see today. Ole Dybvik was owner and driver of this bus. We still had to walk out to the highway for bus service.

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The flapper craze was hitting some of the girls during our high school days. Some of the features that I seem to remember were the rolled down stockings, with bare knees showing, short skirts, and the face dolled up with plenty of rouge and lipstick. I'd have to rate Verba Knapp and Alma Beri as two of our top representatives. They would put on quite a show for us while we were

waiting for the school bus in the mornings. They would start out with some fancy steps and throw their hips around rather recklessly while singing that old song, Jada, Jada, Jada Jada Jing Jing, Jing.

Then the final act was the shimmy. They could make their shoulders tremble and quiver like quaking aspen leaves in the breeze. I often wondered how much practice it must have taken for them to be able to rattle their shoulder blades in that fashion.

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Sadie and Edna Hagglund lived with their parents on a small farm high up on the mountain, not far from the Palmrose farm. They traveled to and from high school, a distance of five or six miles each way. About half this distance was in timber and cutover land on a very steep mountain road. Snow on the mountain road in winter was much deeper than that which we had on the lowlands. These girls would have to be given an A for effort in their desire to get a high school education. I never knew them because they were some years ahead of me in school.

The old Hagglund farm was vacated many years ago. Buildings are all gone but a small grassy field and part of the old orchard still remain.

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We experienced some pretty rough times on the farm during the depression in the 1930's. When Bagley Bros. offered me a chance to do a little moonlighting in their small logging operation, I jumped at the chance. This was around 1938 or 1939.

Bagley Bros. was pretty much a family operation. Walter and Louie were the brothers and senior members who handled the operation out in the woods. Walter's son, Vernon, served as head

loader and truck driver. Louie's son, Jim, was cat operator. Two additional men were hired to fill out the crew. One operated the cold deck and loading donkey. The other was second loader and handyman, which included unhooking logs as they came to the landing, limbing logs when necessary, and assisting in cold decking. Mine was the latter job. Harry Lyon was loading donkey operator when I started to work. Chris Simonsen held that position some time later.

Before I started work, they told me my wages would be 80 cents an hour - \$6.40 a day. I recall telling them that I thought that was a little high and I doubted if I was worth quite that much. Louie said he thought I was so I didn't argue. The standard man-wage for eight hour farm labor at the time was \$5.00.

Milking cows in the morning, before work, and again in the evening, after work, meant long days when the weather was good. We didn't work in rainy weather because dirt roads were too slick for the truck. Hay making at home was quite a problem those summers I worked in the woods. The work was obviously a dry season show.

I enjoyed and appreciated my new occupation with this jolly crew. Naturally, there were moments when jest was out of place. Rigging up a tree at a new landing couldn't be taken lightly. Louie was the high climber at the top of the tree. Walter gave instructions from the ground. Before long some sort of a dispute always seemed to arise and Walter would also be up at the top of the tree - one on each side. I couldn't help but be amused when I viewed them from a distance. They appeared to be two giant woodpeckers up there, hammering on the tree from opposite sides.

On a couple of occasions, the entire crew was moved down to Gnat Creek Slough to arrange the logs in a boom. This was a new and rather scary business for a young farmer who couldn't swim. I had a hunch that the other members of the crew would like nothing better than to see me baptized and have the pleasure of hauling me back on deck.

There were a lot of small logs that wouldn't hold a man's weight and some larger ones that would. When crossing several small logs, I would have to run like a squirrel so they wouldn't sink with me. Sometimes when I reached the safety of a larger log, it would roll with me and I'd find myself squirreling back over those same logs again. I don't believe I contributed very much as a raftsman in my effort to keep dry and I certainly didn't earn my pay considering what I accomplished. It was a relief to get back on land again and still be dry behind the ears.

One day there was a big splash and when someone yelled "Man overboard," I'm sure they were disappointed to see Harry's red hat dancing on the little waves instead of mine. Eventually, Harry came to the surface and, with a few powerful strokes, reached a large log. In climbing onto the log, he lost his balance and plunged head-first down the other side. He surfaced again and this time he made a safe landing. Harry later told me, "Shaw! Anyone can make a mistake and fall overboard but when you climb out and do it a second time, that is downright disgusting and embarrassing." That "Shaw" was the closest I ever heard Harry come to swearing.

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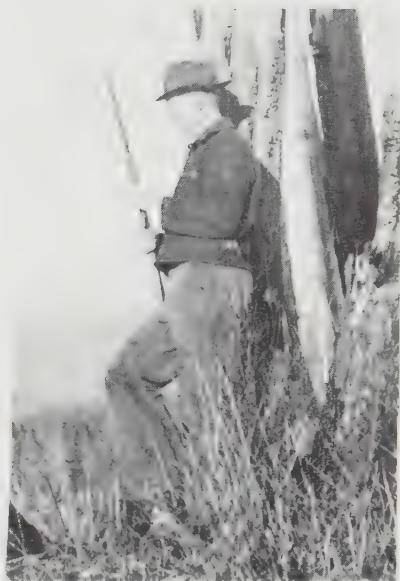
Trapping was every bit as enjoyable as hunting. This was especially true when our trapline took us along the upper stretches of Gnat Creek, on above the Falls, and onto the lower slopes of Nicolai Mountain. It gave us an excuse to get out in the hills at a time when we normally wouldn't be out there. We could see elk and deer, unharrassed by hunters, and on one occasion we followed the fresh tracks of a cougar in new fallen snow with only a six shooter as a weapon. Also, we enjoyed a sense of humor which allowed for a little horseplay and friendly rivalry when an opportunity presented itself.

I first met Jim Bagley in 1918 when I was ten years old and he was three. As Dad and I would

Hunting and fishing companions.



Jim Bagley and Jim Elliott.



Harry Lyon



Chris Simonsen

walk over to the Newberg place where we had heifers pasturing, we would pass the Bagley farm. More than once that friendly little kid would be standing in the orchard by the road, with never a trace of a smile, to wave and grunt "Hello." He could say hello without moving his lips because his mouth always seemed to be wide open. At that time I predicted a dismal future for the lad and now, about twenty years later, he was my esteemed trapping partner. My early impression of Jim may seem a little harsh but, even today, a little banter between us is always in order.

Our catch of furs was considerable - principally bob cats, mink, and a few coyotes. The price for bobcat pelts averaged about \$2.50 plus a \$2.50 county bounty. Quite ridiculous compared to prices today. I believe mink were in the \$10 to \$15 category.

We started up an old brushy railroad grade on a cold, frosty morning with an east wind blowing. After listening to me complain about dry, chapped lips for a while, he pulled a little container of salve out of his pocket and suggested I use some of it. I got my lips pretty well buttered up with the salve and we were on our way again. Suddenly, I thought "that's strange." I asked, "How come you are carrying salve?" His reply was, "Oh, that's what I use on my hemorrhoids." He had me spitting for the rest of the day. There are times when you can't even trust a friend. I may have pulled a few pranks on him too but I was never able to top that one.

One day while setting bobcat traps in a likely location, I heard a few twigs snap in the brush nearby but I was unable to locate the cause. Bobcat sign was everywhere on the logs so I assumed it was a clumsy bobcat passing through.

After finishing my sets, I walked through a little grove of second growth on a windfall log. I heard a strange noise coming from beneath the butt of the log by the roots. It sounded somewhat like a cat swearing at me. It was dark in the second growth trees and even darker under the

log. I waited for Jim to return from the hill above. He had the flashlight and the '22.

The flashlight showed us a hole under the base of the tree and a tiny bundle of something in the back which was doing the complaining. I held the '22 while Jim crawled in out of sight until only the base of his caulked shoes showed. He came out with a little hairless creature, not much longer than his fist - its eyes still closed.

I placed it down in front of my mackinaw to keep it warm and contented. We had our first bobcat kitten.

I kept the kitten in a cardboard box with a bunch of rags and a lightbulb for warmth. I fed it milk with bottle and nipple. After about a week, it started developing black hair and we realized we had raided a bear den - and lived to tell about it! We had a cub instead of a kitten. The cracking twigs I had heard were actually caused by the mother bear retreating. We realized we were trying to commit suicide by robbing a bear den by mistake and we've thought that for over forty years.

Only last year I read a book written by Bill Markham, a famous old time logger. In his younger days, while cruising timber, he often found bear dens in hollow trees. He made a practice of collecting cubs for zoos. He would rap on the backside of the tree with an axe. The old bear would flee and if there were any cubs, he would capture them. In all his experiences with cubs, he had never known a mother bear to defend her cubs while they were still in the den.

A rather humorous event occurred a few years later. Jim was in the armed services and I was trapping alone. He was home on furlough at the time and would have liked to accompany me on our old trapline but he was tied up that morning and couldn't go.

Joel Sarkie and I had been handling the mechanical

trap at a turkey shoot the day before. I marveled at the manner in which the different shooters shouted "pull" when they wished the bird to be released. Gene Bowman, of Westport, would utter a sharp, fast "pull." I mentioned this to Gene last year and he said that when he said "pull," he wanted the bird out right at that instant. Oney Oja, by contrast, gave a long, deep-voiced "pull" - which sounded as much like "bull" as "pull." It gave the impression that there was no hurry - any time would be O.K.

As I was walking down the old railroad grade on my return from the trapline, I happened to think of Oney's deep voice of the day before. For some unknown reason I decided to imitate him. I threw back my head and let forth a loud, long, deep-voiced "pull" that even Oney would have envied.

I was startled when the brush just ahead and to one side of the grade started shaking. I assumed it was a deer until I saw Jim's sheepish-looking face appear above the salmonberry bushes. "I figured you might have seen me duck down in there," he said. I assured him that he would have to get up in the morning to surprise old "Woodrat Elliott."

Jim had come up in the afternoon to meet me. He was expecting me but I wasn't expecting him so he had the advantage. I never knew just what mischievious prank he had in mind for me. He thought my vocal outburst was designed for him and he surrendered because he knew he had been detected. I let him think this because I wasn't about to admit I was talking to myself. That would be exposing myself to a lot of ribbing - which I knew would be forthcoming.

I swear that was the only vocal sound I had made all day on the trapline - and to time it to perfection seems incredible.

Two years later, I finally confessed to Jim. Just as I thought, he razzed me for talking to myself. He never would accept my true statement

that it had happened only once all day.

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Wesley Batterson, of Nehalem, had grown up with game birds and other wildlife. He could identify them and could call many of them. We were standing down by the barn one day when he had stopped by for a brief visit. We heard the faint call of geese somewhere far in the distance. We finally saw a large flock of honkers passing in a long line over the Stringtown country, at least a mile away. In jest, I said, "Let's see you call them in." Wes threw back his head and burst forth with his screeching, barking call. By coincidence, a few moments later the geese flared and seemed to be in a state of confusion. Although it wasn't open season, someone must have shot at them with a rifle, I thought. The geese made a ninety degree turn. We couldn't tell if they were coming or going. Then we saw they were coming - and they kept coming. Wes kept squawking as we took cover under a big holly tree. The flock, numbering almost a hundred, came lower and lower and closer and closer until it was a frantic gabbling mass circling about in confusion over our heads, just slightly higher than the big maple trees. Wes finally had to stop to catch his breath. The geese departed.

I asked Wes if his call was a love call or a distress call for assistance. He didn't know which it was - but it sure worked wonders!

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This is the "Wasted Talent" Chapter.

Wes was here one day when a young Warrenton man was buying rhododendrons. I asked Wes to give him a sample of his goose calling, which he did. The young fellow, taken by surprise, backed up a few steps. He said, "Good Heavens, man, if I went around screeching like that, all my neighbors would have me committed."

Another incident occurred when an Astoria woman stopped in to pick up a plant on her way to an art show in Portland. She had a large painting in the trunk of her car which she was entering in the show. She was proud of her work and insisted that Eleanore and I should see it. When she opened the trunk, I really didn't know what I was seeing. While I was searching for words to cover my ignorance and still not insult the lady, Heavenforbid!, Eleanore blurted out, "But what is it?" It turned out to be "Saddle Mountain in the Fog" and, believe me, the fog was thick.

She sure wasted her talent on us. I learned later the proper remark would have been, "It's interesting."

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At one time, David Pfund operated a weekly meat route in Knappa. Gust Anderson, of Brownsmead, later did the same thing.

Walter Moody was the first rural mail carrier in Knappa. He operated out of the Knappa Post Office with horse and buggy.

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Dad was on the school board after I started school at District #4. He used to chuckle about one incident.

Bill Ludwig, who lived in upper Stringtown at the time, wasn't showing up at school and hadn't been for some time. The school board got hold of Mr. Ludwig to find out why Bill had quit school. He was completely surprised because Bill had been leaving home as usual every morning. He assured the school board members that he would take care of the problem. "When he starts from home, I'll take off my shoes and in my stocking feet I sneak through the woods after him like one rabbits."

Bill showed up at school after that. He was a very good student in arithmetic. Margaret was in his class. She would sometimes get help from him instead of the teacher when she had a problem with figures.

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The road which is now designated as Bagley Road by Prairie Cemetary was at one time known as Lawson Road. The Lawson farm is now owned by Don Ziak. Mr. and Mrs. Lawson and children, Grace and George, lived on this farm. Grace and George were about the same age as Margaret and I and we often played together. Grace had a Shetland pony and a fancy little wicker buggy. She would hitch the pony to the buggy and the four of us had a lot of fun riding around the fields.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawson parted after a few years. Mrs. Lawson and the children stayed on the farm. They kept a few cows besides quite a number of hogs. Their house was quite old and was up on posts two or three feet above the ground. The hog pen was on the east and lower side of the house. They had no shed for them so they took the bottom boards off the east side of the house and the hogs slept under the house floor.

Our first visit in that house was quite an experience. One old sow apparently had her favorite floor joist on which to scratch her back. The house shook, the chairs rocked back and forth, and the dishes and window panes rattled. It was even worse when two old sows got in an argument and started squealing and bumping the floor joists as they threw their heads and bodies about. Margaret and I wanted to get out of there but Grace and George didn't seem to even notice it. I guess it is all in getting adjusted to such minor things.

The Lawson's moved away in later years and the farm was idle. Mrs. Lawson moved to Albany, Oregon, married and became Mrs. Lena Govro. I rented the farm for a couple of years for pasture

for young stock. The barn roof gradually blew off and the fancy little wicker buggy we once rode in rotted away in one corner of the barn.

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Coyotes were unknown until around the mid 1920's when Bill Puustinen caught one in a trap. From that time on they gradually increased and by 1935 they had become quite common. They seemed to reach their peak soon after that.

Ground squirrels were abundant before the coyotes moved in. We called them "grey diggers." Since dogs were quite successful in catching them, certainly coyotes would have no problem.

Opposums were non existent until World War I. It has been reported that southern boys stationed at Fort Stevens kept some for pets which they later turned loose.

Nutrias were once raised by fur farmers. When the fur price dropped out of sight, some farmers turned them loose.

Large skunks and little civet cats were once plentiful. Soon after we moved here, Dad caught a skunk that had been killing the chickens. Instead of going to the house to get the gun, he tore a picket off of the fence and killed it with that. It was a foolish thing to do. He had to bury both the skunk and his clothes.

It was not unusual to go outside in the evening and smell either a skunk or a civet cat. I haven't smelled one for years.

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At one time in later years, I had quite a collection of wild geese as a hobby. Egyptian geese were included in my collection. These are small geese, hardly half the size of a honker. They have no fear in mating season and will tackle

anything, including man, if he approaches their territory.

I had a female Canada goose without a mate. A gander from Bob Ziak's flock flew in and mated up with her. He would return at night to stay with the Ziak flock. Since the female could not fly, she had to stay behind. One day the gander flew in to be with his fair lady but by mistake he landed in the Egyptian pen. Before he realized his mistake, the Egyptian gander had his beak clamped onto the honker's tail feathers. The honker had to pedal frantically to clear the fence with the anchor on behind. With his wings frantically fanning the air, he was able to gradually gain an altitude of about fifty feet when out over the field about 100 yards. At this point, the Egyptian released his grip and came tumbling to the ground. He hit the ground with quite a thud, bounced up in the air three or four feet and then didn't show much life for a few seconds. He squirmed around a bit, got his second wind, came up onto his feet, threw his chest out - wings extended, his head up into the air and squawked his head off. He let the world know that he was the winner. I couldn't help but think of Mr. Crowley at the baseball game, some years before.

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The phone wasn't exactly ringing but it was complaining with little jingles and jangles while still on the hook. A terrific wind and rain storm the night before had left small limbs scattered on the ground. The telephone lines, bare wire in those days, passed through the orchard between the road and the house. I noticed the storm had tangled some of the cherry limbs around the wires and I figured maybe that was the reason the phone was complaining.

I got the ladder and the pruning saw. The little tingling sensation I felt when I grasped some of the wet limbs was strictly imagination. But when I clutched a wire to lift it out of the path of

my saw, I found I had something too hot to handle. No way could I turn the wire loose as the electricity surged through me. Just as I was about to pass out I was suddenly free again - as well as completely charged up. I felt like I could jump over a six-foot fence. The telephone line and the power line had obviously made some sort of contact as a result of the storm. The power company had turned the juice off to work on the line while I was clutching the wire. Incredible!

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A few years later, a storm again caused incredible problems.

The main, front part of our house was built over a hundred years ago with single wall construction. Rough 1" x 12" boards, running vertically, served as both studding and wall. This caused quite a problem when electrical wiring was installed about a half century later. The wiring used in this instance resembled a muskrat tail. Both wires were enclosed and insulated within this tail. Grooves were cut in or between the vertical boards to accommodate the rat tail wiring, leaving a flat surface over which the wallpapering could be done.

Mother was frantically calling for me to come. When she took me into the bedroom, I could see the outline of the hot wires on the wallpaper, already browned by the heat. I ran and pulled the connectors loose in the fuse box. This took care of any future heating.

Mother got me a small, aluminum bucket filled with water. I thought I'd better check all the rooms upstairs to see that no hot spots remained. I found one rattail wire in the attic which needed attention. This wire which had been stapled, exposed on the under side of the rafters, had burned in two. One end, which dangled, was still smoldering, I doused this into the bucket of water which I was holding under my arm. A

blue flame shot down through the water and punctured a hole through the bottom of the bucket. I never felt a thing but I certainly was puzzled.

I finally realized that this particular wire wasn't controlled by the house fuse box. It went from the barn to the chicken house and from the chicken house to the upstairs switch where my folks used to turn on the chicken house lights in the winter early morning hours.

Why didn't I get a jolt? Was it because I was wearing rubber boots on a dry floor? Incredible!

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Neighbor Speer's young bull was standing in our barnyard. Obviously, a line fence needed some attention. I got a hammer and a pocket full of staples and nails. With the help of my dog, we got the bull headed in the direction of home.

The trail, in one place, narrowed down to one way traffic, only, where it passed through a tangle of tall blackberry bushes. The dog was walking along behind the bull and I was following the dog. Suddenly, the bull snorted, switched ends and charged the dog, which also switched ends. This left me in the line of fire. I hurled the hammer at the bull, which by then was only about ten feet away. It caught the low charging head directly in the forehead. The bull, stunned, dropped to his knees, then turned and retreated.

I had a vague recollection of seeing the hammer glance off the skull and come hurtling back toward me, end over end. With my arm still extended and my hand still open, I felt the hammer handle slap the palm of my hand. I found myself holding the hammer - just as I had held it when I released it. Sort of like playing a moving picture forward and then back. Incredible!

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A neighbor lad came, all excited, to tell me about catching a bobcat the previous day, almost in our back yard. That was indeed a surprise because it was completely out of normal bobcat territory. I asked him what ever gave him the idea of setting a bobcat trap there in the first place. He replied that he had found the cat droppings and made a trail set nearby. Would I like to go see?

It was in a pretty woodland setting. The long-abandoned roadway was covered with moss. On one side I noticed a small rotted mound of what had once been a toadstool. After he had explained the whys and the wheres, I realized that the odds against were even greater. The bobcat droppings turned out to be a rotted toad stool. The "trail" where the trap had been set was about eight feet wide. A bobcat would not normally be expected there. He caught it only a few days after setting the trap. Incredible!

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I had never owned a regulation pair of shoes for pitching horseshoes. Mine were the worn out shoes off the work horses. I had no opponent so I was content to play solitaire. When Mother passed, carrying two buckets of feed to the chicken house, I challenged her. She wasn't interested. Finally, after considerable coaxing, she set the buckets down and agreed to try just one throw.

The pin, which was directly east of our position, wasn't necessarily the proper distance but it served the purpose.

Mother took a shoe and with a mighty heave cast off, only to have it slip from her grasp and hit the ground about five feet in front of her. She said, "Oh, good Heavens" as the shoe rolled southeast toward the Emanuel Lutheran Church, then it curved northeast far beyond the pin, into center field out in the direction of Stringtown,

thence northwest toward Knappa dock, and finally wobbled southwest toward Prairie Cemetary, toppled over and expired around the pin for a perfect ringer. Mother picked up her buckets and went on her way. She never would touch a horse-shoe again.

What were the odds? Incredible!

P.S. If any horseshoe pitcher finds no challenge in throwing a ringer, let him try rolling one.

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Charley Knapp operated a bus service between Knappa and Astoria soon after the highway was completed. The bus was hardly up to the standard of bus we see today - it was a Model T Ford touring car. Charley never turned down a prospective passenger waiting along the road.

Mother, Margaret and I rode the bus to Astoria one day. When we left Knappa the bus had almost a normal load. Before we reached Astoria, we had ten or twelve passengers. Kids were sitting on laps and men were standing on the running boards. No flat tires, either.

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Mother couldn't stand cats around the house. Mrs. Taylor, on the other hand, left the pantry window slightly open so the cat could enter. In doing so it crossed the pantry table. Mother would never put up with anything like that. However, she did have a problem when grubs started falling onto her pantry table out of the wood ceiling above. She would have to sweep them off before getting the material ready for bread or a pie.

She asked me to go up in the attic to see what was wrong. This was an open attic that connected to the woodshed. I soon solved the mystery. I

found our old tom cat that had been missing for a month. What we had suspected as being grubs were actually maggots from the dead cat sifting through the cracks onto the table below.

When I came down to give my report, I anticipated what the reaction would be. Mother seemed to be in a state of shock. She stood there, speechless, with her head shaking from side to side, while her face kept getting whiter and whiter. Finally, she said, "Oh, the dirrrrttty nawwwssstty thing" and made a dash to the back porch. She barely made it to the bottom of the steps before she heaved. Cat maggots on her pantry table was a bit too much for Mother.

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We got the Studebaker touring car while I was in the eighth grade. Dad never did get as skilled at driving the car as he was at driving a team of horses. He would put on quite a show when the car lugged down on a steep hill. Although he had never worked on the railroad, he went through all the motions of someone operating a hand car. By swaying backward and forward, he was always able to coax the car over the top.

Mother would get quite perturbed with Dad whenever we would go somewhere with the car. After he had gone through the usual ritual of greasing and oiling every fitting and joint on it, plus all the other necessary attention, an hour of precious time had elapsed while she was chewing her finger nails. No one could say that the old Studebaker was under-lubricated.

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Occasionally, surprises added interest and satisfaction. For example, grape hyacinths grew in large clumps in an area where they didn't belong. I had dug half a wheelbarrow load, to be dumped down in the canyon, when a fancy car driven by a young lady approached. She alighted and said she

would like to get some rhododendrons for landscaping around her new \$130,000 house.

Right away I sensed disaster. I could often figure on problems on prices when I saw a Cadillac drive in, operated by a woman in a fur coat. This was shaping up somewhat similar.

When I quoted her some \$5.00 prices, she shuddered stating that she guessed she had been spoiled. She had previously bought rhododendrons from another source for \$2.00. In answer to my inquiry as to the nursery involved, she admitted that it really wasn't a commercial nursery. A few years previously a neighbor who had hobbyed in rhododendrons had sold his property and was disposing of the plants before moving.

Suddenly, she noticed the hyacinths in the wheelbarrow. An inquiry as to whether or not they were for sale and at what price followed. I told her the price was 25 cents a clump. This was apparently within her price range. She took three clumps.

That was a very satisfactory deal for both of us. She had three 25¢ plants with which to landscape her \$130,000 home and I had three quarters jingling in my pocket from the sale of three plants I had intended to dump in the canyon. It made my day!

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CHAPTER 14

HELPFUL HINTS

Sam Skaale claimed that a horse couldn't kick you if you held its tail down. I figured I'd be in the line of fire trying to get hold of the tail in the first place, and once I got hold of it would I be man enough to hold it down?

Another fellow said that if you pick a skunk up by the tail it can't scent you. The trouble with that is that a skunk can "shoot" further than a man can reach.

While working in our hay, Andrew Abrahams said if the little snakes were heading north we were supposed to have good haying weather. I chased them north every chance I got but our hay still got rained on.

Mr. Abrahams also said that if smoke came out of the chimney in winter and settled back down to the ground we could expect snow.

Andrew Borglund, of Brownsmead, recommended a good treatment for a cut foot or a cut hand - soak it in a bucket of cow urine. Andrew never did say how he handled a cut lip.

Mother claimed that a hot, boiled onion would relieve an ear ache. I received this treatment a couple of times when I was a little shaver. The hot onion was placed on the infected ear and held there with a rag tied around my head. It seemed to me that the hot onion hurt worse than the earache so I forgot about the earache.

CHAPTER 15

A DATE TO REMEMBER

I mentioned earlier that Mr. Bjorg had changed the lifestyle of Knappa through his leadership in bringing us the telephone, electric power and community water system. I'll get a little more modern now, but as I think back, I guess it did occur over half a century ago. While his involvement here didn't shake up the community, it did eventually change my lifestyle. I'll make it quite brief.

Dances were being held in Wickiup Grange Hall in Svensen under the sponsorship of the Grange. On this evening, Harold Bjorg, a Granger, was circulating about more or less as a public relations man.

Vernon Bagley and I were visiting down by the stove, while standing out a dance. The next thing we knew, Mr. Bjorg had us each by an arm and was leading us across the floor. We seemed to be heading toward a little group of four people sitting on the bench - a man and woman, a little past middle age, and a couple of girls of dancing age. From the introduction we learned that this was part of the August Larson family of Youngs River. While dancing, later, I learned that the younger daughter, Eleanore, was a senior in Astoria High School. A couple of years and quite a few dances later she married this Knappa farmer. Our family includes a son, Edwin, and two daughters, Janice and Grace.

GOLDEN AGE

In this Golden Age we all must adjust.
Some of the changes will here be discussed.
Old friend that we meet, can't remember his name
We don't feel so bad, his problem's the same
For an hour or more, we stand there and chat
Compare operations, while chewing the fat
The once wavy hair that covered my head
Has now departed, most all has been shed
I was rather handsome, some folks used to claim
Now nobody says this, it seems "What a shame"!
The hiking we've done with pleasure and smiles
Now measured in feet, once measured in miles.
From all metric figures, it seems that we shrink
But the two legged kind, well, at least we can
think
And it wouldn't be accurate for me to infer
That some desires aren't less than they were.
My sight is much weaker, not nearly as keen
As in younger days when I was a teen
And as for my hearing, people most have to shout
If I am to know what they're talking about
We expect some rheumatism to season our joints
When in our direction old Father Time points
That I'm a complete wreck, this may very well
sound
But it isn't complete, so I am still around
Our life has been interesting down through the
years
There has been more laughter than there ever
were tears
And when humor beckons we hope it won't stray
A good laugh or two can help make the day
We should be thankful that we have been spared
Some of the hardships that our ancestors shared
While our medical relief continues to grow
From what old timers received in the years long
ago
And I'd be ashamed to ever complain
While others less fortunate are living in pain
There are times of sadness that might strike us
each year
When a valued old friend departs from us here
But we still find some gold in this Golden Age
While in the book of life it's just another page.

NO REGRETS.....

I don't regret that I experienced the Great Depression of the 1930s. It was an education in learning how to do without a lot of things which we take for granted today. We can better appreciate the finer times that followed because we had something with which to compare them. Just like a fellow who takes his good health for granted. He can't really appreciate it until he's been sick for a while.

We wonder, now, how we ever got along, considering what our property taxes were and what our income wasn't. At least, on the farm we didn't go hungry. Perhaps a lot of people weren't quite so fortunate. We were married during the middle of the depression so at least we didn't get off to a high spending start. No honeymoon to Hawaii or the Bahamas.

The outdoor plumbing may have seemed a little harsh during the ice and snow season but the rest of the year we enjoyed thumbing through outdated copies of the Sears and Roebuck and the Montgomery Ward catalogs.

Attending a one room grade school may seem somewhat primitive now but some of my happiest days were spent there - mostly during recesses, of course. I was actually depressed as I looked back at the schoolhouse when I was leaving for the last time. We got a good education, we had discipline, and we could figure out problems without a computer. We didn't need elaborate athletic equipment to keep us happy - a rag ball and a homemade bat, a tin can and a club, and other "do-it-yourself" items sufficed. A few spoiled eggs and an occasional stray billy goat just added a little spice to the menu.

Walking to and from school didn't hurt us in the least. There was no horseplay on the way to school because we had a deadline to meet. We could saunter home at our leisure. This was like

another recess unless the weather was bad. Fortunately, we passed a minor garbage dump. This gave us an opportunity to set up a few bottles and try our skill with some rocks. In spring we could stick a hand through the picket fence by Mr. Abrahams' garden and pilfer a few stalks of rhubarb. He had a hedge of rhubarb around three sides of his garden and would never miss what we took. There was a double challenge here. First, we had to do it without Mr. Abrahams seeing us; second, we had to eat it without making a face. Of course, if we were made to eat the sour stuff at any other time, we would have rebelled. Mr. Abrahams caught us in the act only once.

Then there was Mrs. Hussey's sweet apple tree in her back yard. She invited us in to sample these apples at our leisure. This deal was entirely legal.

One rather negative situation affected my future menu. Someone had dumped spoiled sauerkraut over the bank alongside the road. That stinking mess could be detected from afar. I have never eaten sauerkraut and I shudder at the thought.

My sympathy goes out to our younger generation today - a monotonous ride right to the door step, a dash into the house to turn on the TV. They will never know the happiness that we had.

WE CAN BE THANKFUL.....

....that we grew up at a time when we didn't have to endure the hardships that those early pioneers did when they crossed the plains in their covered wagons. The Depression was mild in comparison. I still marvel as to how it was possible to get over the Cascade Range with horse or ox drawn wagons. No chain saws or bulldozers then. When I travel over Willamette or Santiam Passes, I constantly am seeing country where I couldn't even lead a horse.

-that we grew up at a time when drug abuse was unknown and likewise for our children.
-for all the advances that have been made in the field of medicine over the past 75 years.
-that we knew a time when more people based success on how well they mastered their professional skills rather than base it strictly on the size of the monthly pay check.
-that we never lacked for hobbies to keep life more enjoyable. Everywhere we went there was something to keep us active and interested. Sitting on a beach, getting a suntan, would be the height of monotony.
-that we sold the dairy herd in 1968 and let the rhododendron hobby become our business. We had many enjoyable years while we sold retail. However, while business continued to increase, Mother Nature told us we were at an age to slow down, which we finally did when we stopped retailing. We treasure the meeting of many fine people and the lasting friendships we made while in the retail business.



Knappa Union Hall on right as it appeared from our window.

IN CONCLUSION

Memories are precious, but it's a sure bet
 We've lost a good many, we're inclined to forget.
 Now I have regretted, as this book I wrote
 When oldtimers told stories, I didn't take note.
 I've tried to be accurate, as near as could be
 They're few seniors left, who can challenge me.
 So I feel rather safe, as this I transpose
 With a sigh of relief, as I'm nearing the close.
 Now, off-color words aren't given much space
 Because I'm not sure this is the right place.
 To some this may seem a rather feeble excuse
 But I reserve such words for my own private use.
 This place I've called home, since a wee lad
 Brings fond memories, a few rather sad.
 The use of our land was rightfully our choice
 Now bureaucrats take over, they have the voice.
 Those voting such laws, I'm sure it's a cinch
 Would change in a hurry if their toes felt the
 pinch.
 Restrictions, restrictions, the more do we see
 I rejoice we experienced a life far more free
 But laugh while we can, no use being sour
 Life's so uncertain, could be our last hour
 And if an autograph may need to show
 Mine you will find if you look down below.
 Well, I'll run along, and I bid you adieu
 I mustn't be late, I've more living to do.

Respectfully
James A. Elliott

